HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 99.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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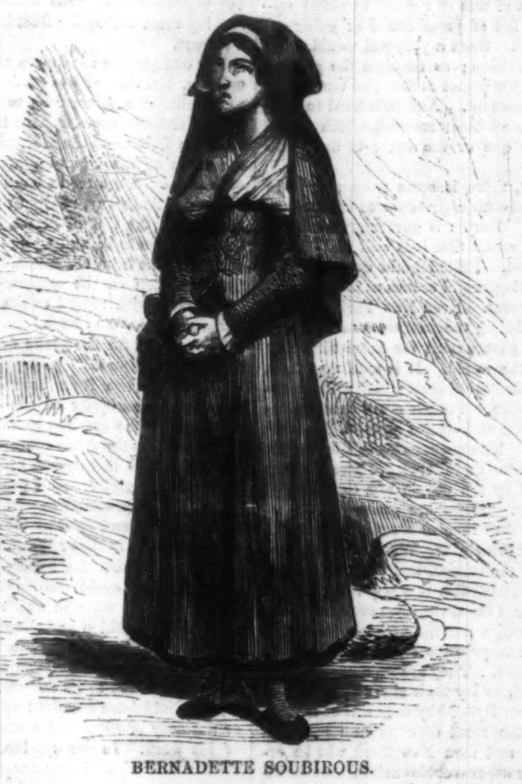
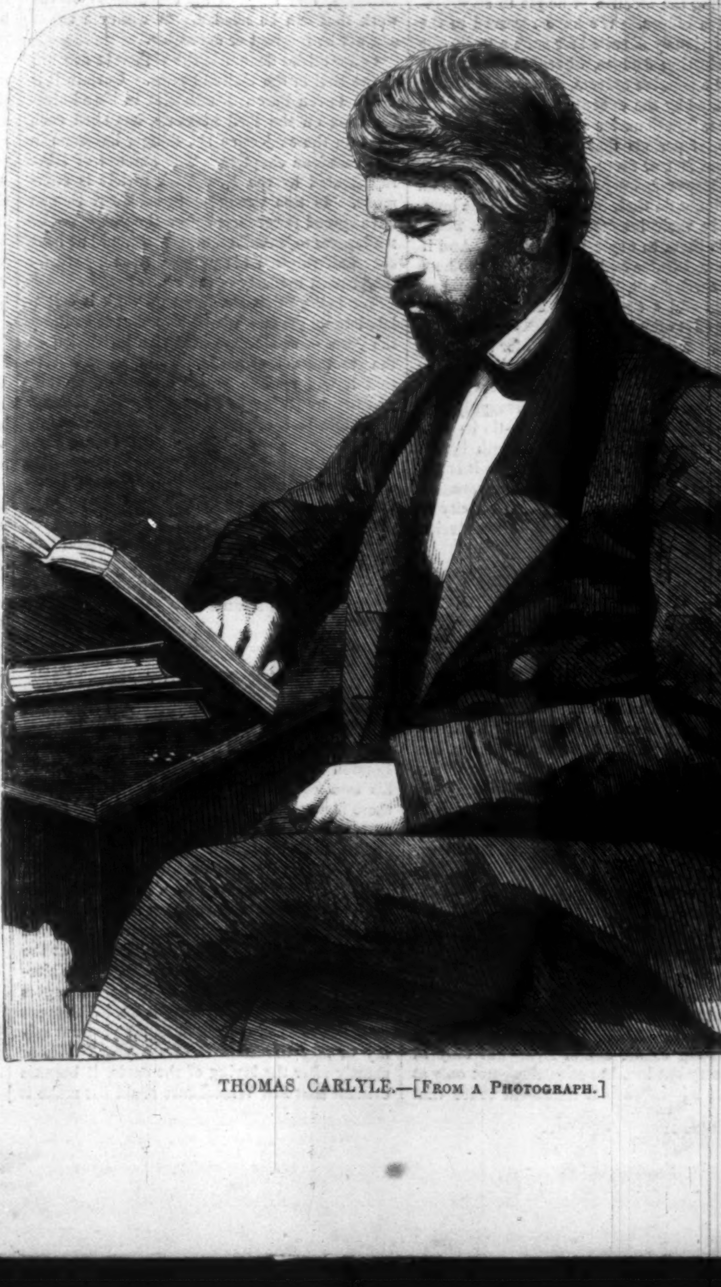


BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.



THOMAS CARLYLE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE accompanying portrait of Mr. Thomas Carlyle is said to be very faithful, though we can not but wonder that a man of sixty-three should wear so youthful an appearance. Possibly the wholesome physical training which the essayist and historian underwent among the hills of Western Scotland, on his farm of Craigenputtoch, may have enabled him to defy the injurious hand of Time.

Sixty-three years ago, at any rate, Thomas Carlyle, the son of a well-to-do farmer in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, was born at the paternal residence, not far from the village of Ecclefechan. His youth was spent—like that of all Scotch boys of his station—at the grammar-school; emerging from which, and fired by the sanguine tales of Edward Irving, then a university student at Edinburgh, he obtained his father's consent to leave his home and go to Edinburgh to study. He does not seem to have acquired a very decided love for university life. Writing on the subject years afterward, he irreverently speaks of "hide-bound pedants" and a "vain jargon of controversial metaphysic, etymology, and mechanical manipulation." Still, other allusions to this period of his life justify the belief that he was a conscientious student; a promiscuous and voracious reader, too, "fishing up out of the chaos of old libraries more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof." At the age of twenty-three (an age, by-the-way, at which most American youths would be indignant to be still at college) Carlyle was forced to choose a profession. His father desired him to enter the Church. He preferred to become a teacher of mathematics.

Three dreary years he spent in teaching Euclid to the boys of Fifeshire, occasionally diverting his leisure by literary and scientific studies. His first published work was a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," the standard text-book used by the French colleges. It was well received, and remunerated the author.

Carlyle's favorite studies were mathematics and German. He had given the world some fruit of his aptitude for the former; he now showed with what profit he had cultivated the latter by publishing, in parts, in the London *Magazine*, a "Life of Goethe," and directly afterward a translation of "Wilhelm Meister." This latter work made his reputation. Competent critics pronounced the translation a marvel of correctness and elegance. The young Scotchman was earnestly solicited to continue the labor he had begun, and to naturalize Goethe in Great Britain. The translation had the further effect of introducing Carlyle to Goethe; a long and confidential correspondence was begun, and never ended till the death of the patriarch of German literature.

In easy circumstances, successful, almost famous, Carlyle was now able to relinquish his engagements as a teacher, and to settle in life as a man of letters. He married a very beautiful lady, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and with her went to live on a farm in the western part of Scotland, "among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea." Here the philosopher had no neighbor nearer than six miles; no village nearer than two hours' ride on horseback. How much of the peculiar self-reliance of Carlyle's mind may be traced to his solitary life on this oasis in the desert it might be curious to inquire. Shut up in this prison, with no one to instruct, amuse, or disturb him, Carlyle wrote nearly all the great compositions which have won him his fame as an essayist. Led by natural inclination and by his reverence for Goethe to peculiar study of the German writers, he obtained a knowledge of them such as few Germans possess, and acquired that semi-Teutonic style which so many critics regard as a blemish in his best works. Here he wrote his touching "Life of Burns," and his admirable essay on Jean Paul Richter; here "Sartor Resartus" was composed, and from hence hawked, unsuccessfully, through all the publishers' offices in Great Britain, till Frazer kindly took it up, and printed it in parts. Here were made the immense studies which have served as the foundation for Carlyle's later works.

In 1834, encouraged by the remarkable success of "Sartor Resartus," and a new path seeming to open to him by some fortunate speeches in public, Thomas Carlyle removed to London, where he has ever since lived. The "Letters of Cromwell" were the first fruits of his residence in a city where large libraries were to be explored, and the work of a Dryasdust sifted by the hand of a Carlyle. Next followed courses of lectures on various subjects; on "German Literature," on "European Culture," on "Heroes and Hero-worship." The "History of the French Revolution," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and the "Life of John Sterling," employed his leisure for several years, till, about the year 1852, he resolved to abandon all other pursuits in order to achieve his *magnum opus*—a work for posterity—the "Life of Frederick the Great."

It is said by those who know him, that no constitution but an iron one could have undertaken and performed the labors which this work has cost him. Volumes past counting, in half a dozen different languages, he carefully read and extracted their juice; libraries by the score he ransacked with diligent perseverance and indefatigable industry. Nor could any one but so practiced a writer and mathematical a thinker as Carlyle have reduced his immense masses of material into the compact and symmetrical shape in which they are presented in the volumes of his Friedrich which have already appeared.

Mr. Carlyle is a Democrat. A foolish sneer on the people of the United States has been ascribed to him by some who have witnessed his ill temper at impertinent intrusions on his privacy by ill-bred travelers from this side of the water. But no man in Europe is more thoroughly imbued with the principles which underlie our institutions than Thomas Carlyle.

THE LAST FRENCH MIRACLE.

IT is well known to all the world that the Holy Virgin has lately appeared in France. It does not appear that she manifested her presence to the Court, though the Empire would be none the worse for a miracle of the kind. Nor is it clearly shown that her apparition was followed by any transparently useful consequences—as, for instance, the discovery of the flaw in the transatlantic wire, or the detection of the latest fraud on the public finances. The Virgin appeared, if we are to believe contemporary chroniclers, to a young peasant girl, thirteen years of age, named Bernadette Soubirons; and, beyond annoying this child somewhat, and also causing a fountain to spring forth in a grotto (in a country where no complaints were ever made of a scarcity of water), she hardly seems to have done any thing which, in a vulgar, materialist point of view, was worth the trouble of a bodily reappearance in the world. Still, the miracle can not be doubted by any loyal adherent of the Pope without grave peril.

The circumstances of the case are these: Bernadette Soubirous, whose portrait we give on this page, is a young girl of thirteen, residing in the country near the town of Lourdes, in France. A very timid, nervous girl, stunted in her growth, and subject to asthma. In February last Bernadette went out with her sisters to gather fire-wood and chips. They traveled along the borders of the River Gave, a small stream flowing past Lourdes. In the course of their walk they came to a little trickling stream, a few inches wide, which flows into the Gave. Into this stream Bernadette's companions boldly plunge. She alone, with the proverbial timidity of her sex, hesitates on the brink. Her friends call her, and she decides to follow them. She takes off her shoes and stockings and dips a tender little foot into the water. This was the moment which the Virgin selected for the performance of the miracle.

Just as Bernadette places one foot in the water, the other remaining on dry land, she hears a low, rumbling sound. Looking round, she perceives that on one side all is tranquil and noiseless; on another, equally exposed to wind, all is movement and rustle. Trees bend over, shrubs shake about—even the sand flies in the air. Petrified and amazed, Bernadette stands still, with one foot in and the other foot out, until, at the mouth of a grotto which is situate on the other side of the stream, she sees a pale white figure, which she at once recognizes as the Holy Virgin. A brutal skeptic might perhaps inquire how she came to recognize the Virgin so quickly; but we have not space to confute absurd cavils of this character. Recognizing the Virgin, and well acquainted with the mode of procedure to be adopted in such cases, the little girl of thirteen begins to repeat her beads, and before she has half got through her string the strange figure has vanished. Hastily rejoining her friends, she inquires if they have seen nothing? On their negative reply she concludes that she has been selected as a special instrument of God's providence.

A day or two afterward Bernadette revisits the spot. There again, at the entrance of the grotto, she sees the white form. A companion fails to discern any thing, but Bernadette is positive. Again she goes to the weird scene, and now the white figure steps forward, and accosting Bernadette in pure French, bids her visit the grotto fifteen times on fifteen different days, and promises satisfactory results. The young girl complies. Every morning her daily work is neglected; she goes to the grotto with several companions. She sees the Virgin each time, though no one else does; at last the spectacle is too powerful for her; like another Semele she is overpowered by the supernatural vision, and sinks to the earth in a convulsion or an epileptic fit.

Meanwhile a spring makes its appearance on the spot where the Virgin was first seen, and crowds of believers flock thither, justly considering that its waters must partake of the virtue of holy water.

The mayor of the city, with a vulgar eye to profit, has taken care that the facts shall be set forth in the local papers. And from all the country round about pious persons have flocked accordingly to Lourdes, to dip their handkerchiefs in the stream, paying fairly for board, lodging, and other necessaries to the people of Lourdes, and considerably increasing the emoluments of the thrifty people of that locality. Attempts have been made to discredit the miracle. Surgeons and physicians have held a convention, have examined little Bernadette physiologically and anatomically, and have reported that she was the victim of a sad delusion. Even priests and bishops, under the pressure of the sadly materialist journals of Paris, have confessed that there might be some mistake about the miracle. But the people are not to be deterred by these croakers. The mayor of Lourdes, and the inn-keepers thereof, are quite satisfied that the miracle really took place, and that little Bernadette is very little less than a saint. And really, considering the interest the investment pays them, no mere dollar-and-cent philosopher ought to censure them.

MAZED KATE OF CLOVELLY.

BY CAPERN, THE POET POSTMAN.

[The author of this pôem is an English penny postman, who spends his time in delivering letters, and composes poetry as he goes along.]

UNDER the cliff by the western shore,
Wandering ever went she,
Looking for one she must never see more,
In the little cove down by the sea;
Where the rock-fowl dropp'd from their granite homes
To prey on the "brits" below,
As thick as the bees in their honey-combs,
And white as the driven snow;
And red-winged trawlers flew out of the bay,
Like birds o'er the rainbow sea,
To sport where the flutt'ring sea-gulls play
None happier were than she.
Weaving the nets by her storm-rocked home,
With hands by the sun embrowned,
And smiling upon the curling foam,
That broke on the shell-strewn ground,
She sat 'mid the wave-washed boulders bare,
Thrown up by the tumbling main,
Singing a song to an olden air,
And this was its sweet refrain:
"My Willy is out with his boat in the bay,
To snare the bright herring for me;
And I with my arms, in the 'dinnut' of day,
Will snare the bold son of the sea."

Wearily wore one long dark night,
Which followed a threatening eve;
The men in the boat saw the tiny light
That flickered near Katie's cave.
Many and many a time she rose,
And looked from her cabin door,
But, grief of griefs and woe of woes,
The fisher came home no more.
That night, in lieu of the sweet refrain,
There went forth a sorrowful wail—
"My Willy! my Willy!" again and again
She shrieked to the bellowing gale.

Long Katie, with looks all woe-begone,
Was seen on the little pier,
With a scarlet rag—and her monotone
Fell sad on the stranger's ear.
And when the season for fishing would come,
She waved it down by the sea—
A token of love he gave her, say some—
The flag of his own "Bonny Bee."

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SELF-GOVERNMENT IN LARGE CITIES.

RECENT occurrences have suggested inquiry into the capacity of large cities for self-government. Violations of law and failures of justice in New York have, to some minds, appeared to imply that the blessings of safe government could not be obtained in large cities through democratic instrumentality. Leading presses have argued that, so far as metropolitan cities were concerned, democracy was a failure.

Two points should be made on this question. In the first place, no one but a mere school-boy expects to find a perfect government. All governments devised by human ingenuity are defective. There never was a government which did not fall short of its purpose in some respects, and there is no reason to suppose that there ever can be such an one. Imperfection is the law of human nature, and it is a law to which humanity in the aggregate is as obedient as humanity in the individual. The question, therefore, to be decided by the politician is relative, not absolute. To simply indicate faults in an existing system, and thence proclaim it a failure, is worse than useless: to be of service, the critic must likewise, and at the same time, point out another system free from these and other equally injurious defects. Until he does this, his criticisms deserve to command no attention. The man who, looking at the rowdyism and anarchy which obtain in New York, tells us that popular government in that city is a failure, has no claim on the attention of the public until he is prepared with some new plan by which rowdyism and anarchy shall be avoided, and no equally serious perils encountered. It is noteworthy that none of the assailants of civic democracy have ventured to suggest a substitute for it. Nor are they to blame on that account. A municipal government, resting on a basis not democratic, would be a singular anomaly. Such a government would either be hereditary or appointed by some outside power. No one has suggested that New York would be better administered under a hereditary mayor; the very mention of such a system is conclusive against it. Nor has any one proposed that the municipal government of this city could be safely appended to the list of presidential or gubernatorial patronage. Such a proposal would meet with general derision; as between the present system and such schemes as these no one would hesitate for a moment. And it is hard to conceive a system, not democratical, which would not fall under one or the other of these two heads.

For the rest, there is some exaggeration in saying that democratic government is a failure in large cities. Boston is governed democratically; and all admit that it is well and wholesomely governed. Philadelphia does not present any such disgraceful scenes as imply a failure of government. Even New York, with all its faults, has during the past ten years thriven under its bad government far more than any other city in the world. It is true that there are defects in its government which call imperatively for a cure. Frauds are committed at elections. Riots and crimes abound. Justice is not certain. The necessaries of life are notoriously and fatally adulterated. The laws are neither obeyed by the people nor executed by the magistracy. These are grave defects, no doubt; but do they involve a radical failure of the democratic principle? We do not think so. Nine-tenths of the crimes, and riots, and electoral frauds committed in this city are the work of foreigners (not Germans, who are among the best of our foreign immigrants) who have not been educated to practice self-command or to value self-respect. They are an accident here, and it is not fair to lay their sins at the door of our institutions. By-and-by they will be absorbed, partly in the rural districts and partly in penitentiaries, and then New York will be orderly. All our other troubles arise from administrative errors. We have pursued a wrong plan in extending the elective principle to subordinate elective offices. We have reserved to the public—obviously ill suited for such a task—the duty of electing Judges, Sheriffs, Controllers, and other executive officers, who should clearly be appointed by the executive head. It is because these functionaries are elected by the people for brief periods that they fail to do their duty—from fear or favor. Were they appointed by the Mayor *during good behavior*, they would without doubt do their best to execute the laws. It would be their interest to do so. It would be fatal to them to neglect their duty. And if our city magistrates really did their best to have the laws carried out, there would be an end of the disgraceful scenes which bring municipal democracy into doubt.

For our part, we see no ground for supposing that the misgovernment of New York discredits the democratic system. On the contrary, if that democratic system were more thoroughly carried out—if the democracy did not tie its own hands, and neutralize its own strength by assuming administrative duties for which it is unfitted—there seems every reason to suppose that New York would be as well-governed a city as there is in the world—even despite the foreign immigration.

WHETHER TRUTH-TELLING BE A GOOD THING OR NO.

DR. WILLIAM W. SANGER, Physician of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, has published a work on the Great Social Evil, which is attracting no small attention. Some critics are displeased with Dr. Sanger and his book, because, in the course of his narrative, he has stated facts and drawn pictures which are not suited for the eye of youth. A leading journal of this city, while commending the work in high terms, and admitting that it does not contain a word that can offend the most fastidious, takes the author to account for admitting into his narrative brief notices of the Evil as it existed in ancient times.

The History of the Social Evil now published by Dr. Sanger is not a private book, written for the purpose of making money. It is an official report, imposed on Dr. Sanger by his chiefs, the Governors of the Alms-house. He was by them, many years ago, commanded to collect all the facts relating to the Social Evil—not only in this country but in other countries—not only at this time but in ancient times—in order that they, being possessed of the fullest information on the subject, might be enabled to present to the Legislature a matured plan for the suppression or regulation of the Evil. They—the Alms-house Governors—found themselves in the position of guardians to the unfortunates who were the victims and instruments of the Evil. They were bound to nurse, feed, clothe, and cure the wretched outcasts, at the expense of the people of the city of New York. They felt satisfied that the existing practice was wrong as well on economical as on moral grounds. They were convinced that, as things were, the health of their constituents was endangered, the public morals were tainted, an enormous expense was incurred, and a gross mockery of law and common sense was practiced. Therefore it was that, impelled by irresistible considerations to seek a change for the better, they wisely determined to obtain all possible light before they undertook to suggest legislation; and therefore they directed their servant, Dr. Sanger, to amass all the facts that he could by any endeavor or expense accumulate together, and lay them before the Board in the shape of a Report.

For our part we are free to admit that, in our opinion, Dr. Sanger has performed his task in so admirable a manner as to win for himself an imperishable name. All the existing libraries, from the Vatican to the Mercantile Libraries of the cities of the United States, contain fewer facts on the matter in hand than his single volume. Antiquity, modern times, the foreign world, and the United States, have been thoroughly ransacked; and while Dr. Sanger modestly abstains from recommending any particular legislation on the subject, the information he imparts with regard to the working of the various systems that have been tried, fits every unbiased man for the grave duty of discussing repressive schemes.

Exception has been broadly taken to the chapters on antiquity on the ground of their unfitness for the drawing-room and the college library. Does the critic conceive that any work of any kind on this subject could be fit reading for boys and girls? And would Dr. Sanger's work have been complete without some notice of the earliest and most striking systems of legislation on the subject? Young ladies are not expected to know the history of Aspasia and Phryne. But could the historian of the Evil ignore a social state in which the *hetaira* was the leader of fashion and the confidant of Pericles? Could he pass over in silence the wonderfully philosophical system of Rome, and the errors which led to its failure? Had he done so, he would have devolved upon some successor the duty of supplying a most essential part of his work. In our opinion, when the critic admits that "there is not a word in this portion to offend the most fastidious" he refutes his own criticism, and supplies all the defense of the work that can be needed. A common sewer can not be fragrant or agreeable.

Other critics denounce the elaborate account of the Evil in the United States. Certain it is that not even Parent Duchatelet, in his admirable work on the Evil in Paris, has shed such light on the subject as Dr. Sanger has done in his American chapters. The amount of labor represented by the New York article is enormous. Is this wrong? Should Dr. Sanger have spread fewer facts before the public out of tenderness to juvenile morals? Should he have only half fulfilled his purpose from regard for the prudish modesty of the critics?

We believe that Dr. Sanger's work is calculated to do good. We believe that it contains the germ of wholesome Christian legislation on the greatest evil of modern times. We believe that it will tend to purify the public morals, and to cure society of its most hideous malady. His work, be it remembered, is no catch-penny publication. It is a grave official report, published for the Governors of the Alms-house, in order that men in authority—governors, magistrates, legislators, and physicians—may obtain and benefit by it. It is not intended for promiscuous reading, any more than volumes of legal reports of adultery cases. Its size and its price will prevent its becoming a popular book, while its contents can hardly fail to render it a useful one.

THE STATE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

MR. WHITEHOUSE, the original electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, offers in the London *Times* to set the Telegraph at work at his own expense. He does not believe that there is any defect in the cable as far out to sea as two hundred and seventy miles from land; and he thinks that, with proper instruments and suitable shore lines, the cable can yet be made to serve the purpose for which it was laid. We must observe at the outset that any proposition coming from Mr. Whitehouse should be received with caution. By skillful management, at the outset of the Telegraph enterprise, Mr. Whitehouse contrived to obtain from the managers an engagement as chief electrician, in the event of the success of the cable, at the pleasant salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. When, shortly after the laying of the cable, it became evident that Mr. Whitehouse could not make it work, it was actually necessary to use force to disengage his grip on the enterprise and its instruments. He was turned out of the Valentia Telegraph-house with violence and contumely. When, therefore, he sets forth a scheme, the condition precedent of which is that he should be reinstated in possession and authority, it is right that caution should be exercised in entertaining it.

At the same time it is but right to say—and we say it the more readily on account of a *jeu d'esprit* in another part of this paper—that many of the best-informed persons on the subject of submarine telegraphy in this country disbelieve altogether the stories which have been set on foot in regard to the hopeless failure of the Atlantic Telegraph. They set no value upon the supposed discoveries of Mr. Varley with regard to the lesions in the cable. They do not believe that any instruments exist by which the locality of a break in an electric cable can be accurately determined. And they think that, conceding to Mr. Varley all that he pretends, there is no scientific ground on which it can be safely decided whether the resistance to the passage of the fluid arises from one break or abrasion two hundred and seventy miles from land, or several breaks or abrasions within a score of miles from the Valentia station. In other words, these partisans of the present cable believe that the Transatlantic wire has suffered no injury beyond that which the restless action of the waves may, and indeed must, have inflicted on its shore end; and that so soon as that shore end is raised and a stronger cable substituted, the Telegraph will begin to work as completely and as satisfactorily as the wire from Dover to Ostend.

There is this to be said in favor of this theory: A few days ago we had news from England that an intelligible message had been received from Newfoundland; the message itself was given in the London journals. Now if the failure of the cable arose from such an abrasion as Mr. Varley and his colleagues speak of, it would follow as a matter of course that each day the current would grow weaker. The sea-water, brought into immediate contact with the conducting wire, would necessarily impair its continuity. And three or four weeks of such contact would destroy it altogether.

Several weeks have elapsed since, in the language of the telegraphists, the Atlantic cable ceased to work. For nearly two months no intelligible words were transmitted from either station across the ocean. Suddenly, after a lapse of some seven weeks, a message is received at Valentia from Newfoundland. How can this be reconciled with the theory that some sharp rock, two hundred and seventy miles from land, had severed the cable?

We most sincerely hope that some means may be discovered by which the cable may be rendered effective. Other schemes are on foot, both in England and in this country, for the laying of Atlantic cables. Some of them will, doubtless, be carried into effect, and will remunerate their authors. But of all the Atlantic cables, that one above all others deserves to succeed which is the fruit of the untiring energy and boldness of **CYRUS W. FIELD** and his partners, and which by its success showed men of moderate courage how the thing could be done. Let us have as many cables as possible; but, for decency's sake, let it always be remembered that Cyrus W. Field and his associates were the men who first showed how the cable could be laid.

FRAUDS OF IRON-MAKERS.

WE engrave on another page the explosion of the steamer *Petrel*, which took place a few days ago in the North River, and cost the lives of all on board save one man. Fragments of the boiler which fell on the shore were picked up, examined, and pronounced utterly unsuitable for the purpose which they filled. As this is by no means the first instance in which human life has been sacrificed by the insufficiency of boilers, it is well that the public attention should be drawn to the subject.

Six years ago, Congress, awakened to a sense of duty by the frequency of accidents on board boats plying in United States waters, passed a general law for the governance of steamers. By this law various obligations and restrictions were imposed upon steamboats; provisions were made to guard against collisions; it was made obligatory on steamboat-owners to make provision for cases of shipwreck; and, among other matters, a species of inspectorship of boiler iron was created and conferred upon the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who was Secretary at the time, lost no time in carrying the Congressional enactment into effect. Early in 1853 he issued a circular to the manufacturers of boiler iron, prescribing the manner in which their boiler plates must be stamped. He drew broad lines of distinction between C. plates (plates made with charcoal), and C. H. plates (plates hammered before being rolled), and again between C. No. 1, C. No. 2, C. H. No. 1, C. H. No. 2, C. No. 3, C. H. No. 3, and so forth; ordering makers to stamp their plates in three different places, and directing their attention to the clause of the Act of Congress, which laid penalties on delinquents. The directions of the Treasury Department, coupled with these clauses of the Act of 1852, which devolved upon steamboat builders the duty of choosing for their boilers only the best qualities of iron, would, had they been faithfully obeyed, have placed explosions outside the pale of probability.

Unfortunately, like too many of our laws, they have been violated with impunity. It is well known to the trade that the manufacturers of boiler iron stamp their product as they please, irrespectively of the truth. No. 2 or No. 3 iron is constantly stamped C. No. 1 or C. H. No. 1. And steamboat-builders, pursuing their usual policy of conniving at the destruction of human life for the sake of saving expense to their own pockets, have conspired with iron-makers to defeat the ends of the Congressional enactment. The builder of a steamboat, instead of going to the expense of buying safe boiler-plates in accordance with the law, conspires with the iron-maker, and receives from him inferior plates marked with the brand of the proper quality of iron. The consequence is that boats like the *Petrel* explode, and valuable lives are lost. We do not regard this case as an exception. We are led to believe that a large proportion—probably a majority—of the boilers which are put into new steamers built here are made of iron falsely stamped, and utterly unsuitable for the purpose designed for it.

The fraud was foreseen in the Act of Congress. Specific penalties were affixed to the fraudulent stamping of iron, and the owners of boats using unsuitable iron for boilers were threatened with severe punishment. Unhappily—like the law forbidding tippling on election day—these sound provisions of Congress remain a dead letter because it is no one's duty to enforce them. Of the inspectors appointed under the Congressional Act the less said the better. Their emoluments perhaps do not justify them in pursuing a path of strict integrity. Certain it is that neither they nor any other Federal officers seem to care about enforcing the law, which is openly and notoriously violated every day of the year at a fearful cost of human life.

THE LOUNGER.

MORPHY TRIUMPHANT.

WHETHER the prodigious boy plays or does not play he seems equally to conquer. He played with the great Continental champion, Harrwitz, and beat him. But he has beaten the great English chess-master without playing. Mr. Staunton declines the contest. After insulting Morphy in the *Illustrated News*, and insinuating that he had no money to back the bets, and trying several other miserable subterfuges, he has now written a smooth note upon satin paper and pleads engagements and want of practice. But he offers to play Morphy a few games *sans façon!*

Of course, a champion ceases to be a champion when he declines a challenge. A champion, by virtue of his position, accepts battle from all comers.

Having thus vanquished Harrwitz and Staunton, it is understood that Paul Morphy now awaits a meeting with Herr Andersen, the victor in the chess tournament at London. When he has defeated him the young American will be ready to return to his country, in which his career has awakened an enthusiasm for the game unequaled in history. *Vive Caissa!*

FICTION IN FACT.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his letters, says that nature and experience do all the work for a novelist, if he will only keep his eyes open. Is there any thing in the most extravagant humorous invention of Dickens which surpasses the following advertisement from a late London newspaper?

> FUNERAL CAUTIONARY NOTICE.—The "SHILLIBEER" is the only carriage for economic cemetery transit that enables the mourners to follow their departed friends without the risk of incurring disease by sitting over the corpse in hot weather, as in all other cheap vehicles.—City road, near Finsbury Square and Brighton. The original economist for funeral requirements to any extent of pomp or humility. Established 1841.

THE FIRST ATLANTIC STEAMER.

IN reply to the inquiry of J. E. H., of Rochester, published two weeks since, the Lounger has received several ample and satisfactory letters, for which he thanks his correspondents.

D. F. G., Raleigh, quotes from Dr. Lardner's Lectures on Science and Art, vol. i. p. 345, in which that worthy, but not very sound *savan*, declares it to be a well-known fact that the steamers *Savannah*, *Curaçoa*, etc., had crossed the Atlantic long before the 25th of August, 1837, just before the voyages of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*.

W. B. C., of New York, sends an extract from the petition to Congress of Mrs. Charlotte Taylor (a contributor to *Harper's Magazine* of some interesting microscopic articles), as follows:

> "That your petitioner is the only surviving child of the late William Scarborough, of Savannah, Georgia, who, being an energetic and enterprising man of great mechanical genius, caused to be constructed in the years 1818 and 1819, with his own means and those of every friend he could enlist in the effort, the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic—'*The Savannah*, of Savannah,' Captain Stevens Rogers, of New London, Connecticut, commanding. For the details of the voyage she refers to the accompanying sworn statement of Captain Rogers, and prays that they will grant her some pecuniary acknowledgment, etc., etc.
>
> "Captain Stevens Rogers swears, under date New London, Connecticut, May 2, 1856; that he is aged sixty-eight years; that he was the sailing-master of the steamship *Savannah* on her trip to Liverpool, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc., etc. Said steamship was built at the city of New York in the year 1818, the builders being Ficket and Crocket. She was designed for a Havre packet, and was purchased by William Scarborough, of Savannah, and was named, at his suggestion, '*The Savannah*;' he having told me that, in his opinion, the ocean would be navigated by steam, and he intended that his own State and city should have the credit of sending the first steamer across the Atlantic. Her castings were made in New York, and her boilers at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, by Daniel Dodge. She left New York under canvas, and arrived at Savannah in the early part of May, 1819. President Monroe was then in Charleston, South Carolina, and Mr. Scarborough directed us to go there and give the President an invitation to come to Savannah on the steamship. The President declined, because the people of Charleston did not wish him to leave their State in a Georgia conveyance, but said that he would visit us at Savannah. So we returned. A few days after we got back the President arrived and came on board the vessel with his suite and several naval officers and citizens. The vessel was navigated by steam, and we proceeded down the river upon an excursion. The President dined on board, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the vessel, and told Mr. Scarborough that when she came back from her trip across the Atlantic to bring the vessel around to Washington, for he thought there was no doubt the Government would purchase her, and employ her as a cruiser upon the coast of Cuba.
>
> "We sailed from Savannah for Liverpool on the 26th of May, 1819. Moses Rogers, my brother-in-law, was master and engineer. I was sailing-master, and Mr. Blackman was third officer. We made the port of Liverpool in twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen of the twenty-two under steam. The only reason why the whole voyage was not performed by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear the Admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing that we were on *fire*. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion, as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena. From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from thence to Stockholm. At both places she excited great curiosity. At the latter place she was visited by the Royal Family, Mr. Hughes (our Minister), and Lord Lyndoch. Lord L. went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas. He held his watch and noted the time—fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed, 'I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man I'd go there myself!' The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel. Captain Rogers goes on to state that he has in his possession a gold snuff-box presented to him by Lord Lyndoch, upon which is the following inscription: 'Presented by Sir Thos. Graham, Lord Lyndoch, to Stevens Rogers, sailing-master of the steamship *Savannah*, at St. Petersburg, Oct. 10th, 1819.'
>
> "We sailed from St. Petersburg to Arundel, in Norway; and from thence to Savannah, in twenty-five days, steaming on her passage nineteen days. We went from Savannah to Washington, in accordance with the suggestion of President Monroe, but the Government did not buy her. She was there sold at auction, and turned into a packet. Our worthy Captain winds up by saying that Scarborough ruined himself by her, and died, poor fellow!
>
> "Can any of your correspondents tell me whether our Government ever made any pecuniary acknowledgment to Mr. Scarborough's daughter, 'Charlotte Taylor?' Moses Rogers died some time ago. Is our brave old captain still alive? Yours always, W. B. C."

This statement is corroborated by A. H. S., New York, who adds:

> "On the *Savannah's* approach to Liverpool, with sails furled and American colors flying, the piers were thronged by many thousand persons, who greeted her with the most vociferous cheers; and, before she anchored, the decks were so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty the crew could move from one part to another in the performance of their duty. After a few days she steamed to Copenhagen; from thence to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, but drew too much water to reach the latter place. She lay, however, opposite the city, six miles distant, for some time; when she finally returned to Savannah, where she was divested of her steam apparatus, and used as a sailing packet to New York. She subsequently went ashore on Long Island and broke up. It is singular that no other steam vessel attempted the voyage for nineteen years after, for there is no doubt but many of the steam-ships in the St. George and British Channel were perfectly able to do so long before the little *Sirius* made her successful voyage in 1838."

THE ATLANTIC WIRE.

OF all our famous popular enthusiasms that of the Atlantic wire was the fiercest and most evanescent. The London *Times*, which laughed at our eagerness and processions and illuminations, now laughs at our sensitiveness in being so angry with its laughing. It treats us like a father—like an uncle; and says we must really not take what it says so much to heart. If you make fools of yourselves, says the *Times*, don't make yourselves greater fools by being angry with us for pointing out the fact. This is a singularly conciliatory strain, and will tend to heal any soreness that the original criticism may have created. However, if you want a quiet house you mustn't keep a bull in the parlor. And so, if we wish to maintain decent terms with the London *Times*, we must not humor it by noticing its remarks upon our conduct.

Mr. E. O. Wildman Whitehouse, late electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, proposes to restore reason to our enthusiasm, and inaugurate new honors to Mr. Field. "I will undertake, at my own cost and at my own risk, to reopen communication with Newfoundland; and, further, to maintain it for a given number of years, at a moderate per centage upon the gross receipts of the Company, this being payable so long only as the line shall be kept by me in good working order."

This offer is contingent upon the result of an examination of the wire, which he is confident will show it to be essentially uninjured; and it will certainly be hard if the permission be denied him. If he is right in his suppositions, and restores the usefulness of the wire, ought not the Common Council to burn up the rest of the City Hall in his honor?

HANSOM.

HANSOM is that handsome does: or handsome is that Hansom does—read the proverb as you will, it is still true that Hansom does handsomely. It is the public cab of London that is now spoken of—a kind of street-gondola, of which the driver sits behind, and the passenger looks out upon the world uninterrupted. It is hung very low, and looks like a square chaise. It has a wooden boot, which comfortably boxes you in. You communicate with the driver through a little valve in the top, and you pay him reasonably, by a prescribed tariff, posted in the cab. Of the comforts which are luxuries, the Hansom cab is one. Why, then, should the Hansom cab not cross the sea, and sail the streets of Gotham?

Echo answers, why? as usual. In fact Echo is never very suggestive, and we must apply elsewhere. Experience says that the omnibus, at a sixpence fare from the Battery to Murray Hill, defies every conceivable competition. That is doubtless true for travelers going from point to point upon an omnibus route. But why should not the patronage now bestowed upon hacks, such as it is, go to Hansoms? You say there is no reason, if somebody will start the cab.

So the Lounger believes. There is no reason why a gentleman, or two of them, or—which is much more natural and beautiful—a gentleman and lady, should not take a brisk, swift, neat Hansom cab for their calling, their shopping, and their multitudinous runnings round. And the Hansom day must come.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

> "NEW ORLEANS, 1858.
>
> "MR. LOUNGER,—Emboldened by the grace with which, I have observed, you submit to catechetical trespasses upon your politeness, I take the liberty, always with respect, of propounding a question or two myself, indulging the hope you will accord me the courtesy of reply at your early convenience.
>
> "We have, in this Crescent City of ours, some crack orators, who, in despite of the yellow scourge which still continues its ravages among us, will engage in disputes, and, in no gentle mood, do battle for intellectual superiority.
>
> "The argument lately has been on the rules of order in debate, and, as usual, the opinion of each is sounder than his neighbor's. But to the purpose of this communication.
>
> "1st. Does a report—having resolutions, or recommendations, as appendages—when adopted, carry with it, in the adoption, those resolutions or recommendations? Or is it necessary, by special motion, to adopt or reject, as the feeling may be, the resolutions or recommendations, singly or altogether? That is to say, must an independent motion be made for the passage of the resolutions?
>
> "2d. What difference, if any, is there in the phrases—'a *majority* of votes shall decide,' and, 'a *plurality* of votes,' etc.?
>
> "3d. Does the notice given at a meeting, of an intention to move, at the *next* one, for a *re*-consideration of an action of the meeting, arrest such action for the time being, preventing its execution until the fate of the motion for reconsideration be ascertained? And what influence, if any, does it exercise upon it?
>
> "Yours truly. W. G."

—Question first. The paper before a committee may be a bill, resolutions, draft of an address, etc., and it may originate with the committee, or be merely referred to it. If the former, the committee reports it, and the vote is taken in the House upon the separate clauses. If the latter, and amendments are reported, the amendments only are read, and the question is taken separately upon each.

—Question second. A majority is more than half the whole number. A plurality is the highest of several numbers. Thus six votes is a majority of ten. But if ten votes are cast for three candidates, and one of them received four, he would have the plurality.

—Question third. No; it exercises no influence.

—EURICA, of Virginia, wishes to know what kind of music is best for beginners, hard pieces or easy. She prefers hard: so does the Lounger.

—SEVERAL READERS in Baltimore call the Lounger's attention to a very remarkable speech of the Archbishop of Paris to his clergy, at the close of the *retraite* of St. Sulpice, in which he predicts some terrible blow about to fall upon France, and which the priestly order will be the first to feel. He gives no hint of his meaning, but says, in conclusion: "Go then, gentlemen; I say adieu, but I dare not say *au revoir*. Reflect on these things. Watch and pray. Be vigilant and valiant in the good cause, and, when it falls, let it be with the dignity worthy of the power it once owned, and of the hope it still possesses." The speech made a profound impression. But if he means the decay of the Church in France, he must know that great institutions only slowly decline, they do not tumble down like a tree blown over. The decay is internal, and the moment of greatest weakness may be the one of strongest appearance.

—CARRIE says she has "young friends who write beautiful letters," and appeals to the Lounger to give them a chance. They have only to give him the beautiful letters and he will furnish the chance.

—J. P. L., Painesville, Ohio, wishes the Lounger's views of murder as a fine art. But De Quincey, of whom J. P. L. speaks, has exhausted that subject.

—From Lowland Cottage, Twiggs County, Georgia, MARION communicates his religious emotions upon a moonlight night. Having done so, he modestly concludes:

> "But language is too weak for the description I fain would give. Therefore, dear Lounger, excuse this poor, feeble attempt, and accept the regards of
>
> "Yours truly, MARION."

—Here is a last touch of autumn landscape not unskillfully sketched:

MORE AUTUMN "FRUIT."

> "From my window I still see birds, though they are quiet, their flutter more gentle than usual, happy, but plaintive, talking in lisps, most affectionate and sweetest of sounds. It is autumn upon them; spirits they are, gentle earth-spirits, astray from the spring and the warm south. And now, as I see, the little flock is a brood, a mother and her children, wandering, at leisure, from shrub to shrub, or high up a tree dotting the branches; anon on the ground seeking their way through the stubble, quiet little creatures, cheerful in sorrow, wary, not eying, yet seeing each other, unheeding the moths and butterflies wandering by, so near, they touch them, almost; still seeking for food, till, at the firelock's sound, they rise in concert.
>
> "Already how slant is the sun's ray, growing fainter and fainter—a twilight at noon—as if something were ailing the spheres, yet duly recording day and night. The sun is a ruddy sphere, waxing milder and larger as it wanes—a *day-moon*. It is a time of spheres, an orb by day, and orbs at night, hearing, though unheard, the wisdom and noises of the worlds, and the sound of kindred autumns lighting their zones.
>
> "The maize-field is pleasant now, with sunshine browning the ears—the beauty of art; toil and art united; man's recompense—rude homespun toil, yet delicate art—fit haunt for Ceres, old hallowed fable, worthy this western scene. But dearer the thought of the lost race whose birth-right it is—our own now, and never to perish, but duly each autumn to shine forth mourning the race—*not* yet extinct, but wandering on with the panther and deer, and dying with them.
>
> "Forth goes the youth strolling in forests, visions of squirrels and fountains greeting his sight; the pictured foliage around him; the pale herbage of the lowland by springs and quagmires, and the silence, fall on his boy-sense, stirring the man, the future melancholy man.
>
> "F. G."

—H. W. S.-R., West Point, is too severe. Undoubtedly the inadvertency he mentions betrays the origin of the article, but the whole is a very innocent and very excellent piece of humor.

—MARY G., Alder Creek, sends the Lounger several copies of verses. Mary, your time is lost in writing them. Reflect upon this stanza:

Pay heed to the stars—their teachings sublime;
They speak of their wanderings unfettered by time.
You may learn what this vastness no more may conceal,
And read there of glories you can not reveal.

—E. A. G., in a feminine hand, sends a last stanza to the Podunk poem. But the humor of that performance seems to the Lounger quite exhausted.

—OMEGA would like to know the origin of the phrase, "Taking you down a button-hole lower." Of this it is to be said that it would be difficult to take any person or thing down higher, and that it is only a form of "taking him down a peg." It is an obvious slang phrase.

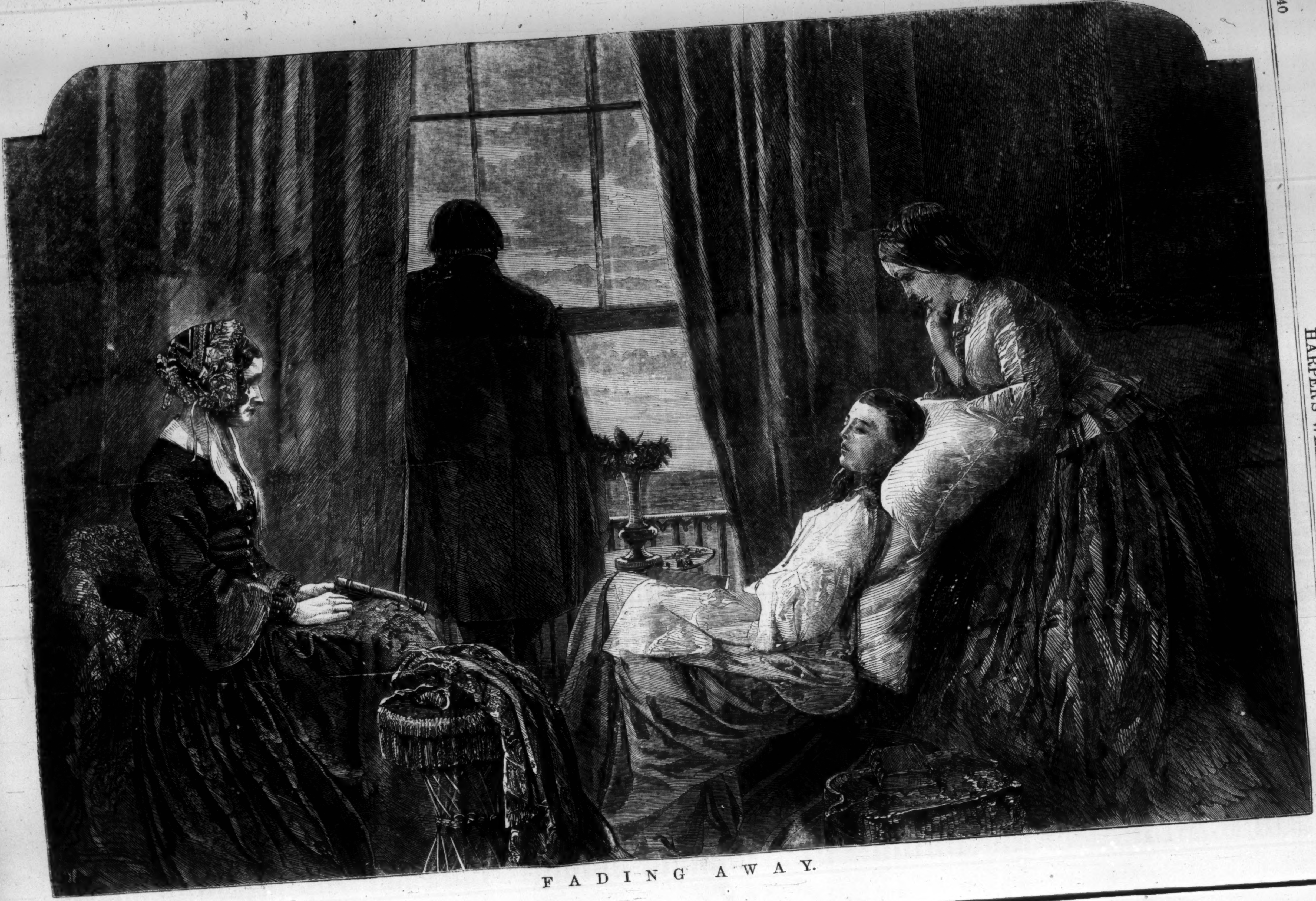
> "UTICA, MISSOURI, *October*, 1858.
>
> "DEAR LOUNGER,—Does it ever occur to you Metropolitans that we who dwell beyond the Mississippi are deprived of a great privilege—that of a personal acquaintance with those whose writings charm our home-lives and make our winter firesides so pleasant?
>
> "You at least can *see* them sometimes, if not know them personally.
>
> "Why do not authors in these days follow the good old custom of commencing their books with a portrait of themselves?
>
> "How much do we desire to see good Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass while reading their quaint experiences of country-life, and are led to exclaim, 'Verily *their* portraits would be a good thing to have in the country!' Luckily, however, the famous 'Knickerbocker Gallery' has satisfied us partially in this wish in that treasure of a gallery of portraits of those whose writings have been for years as household words.
>
> "But we have all been reading and re-reading 'Tent Life' and 'Boat Life,' and intend that 'The Old House by the River' and 'Later Years' shall beguile some of the long evenings that are in prospect before the buds swell again. *One of us* just now asked, 'How old a man is William C. Prime?' We (the other two of us) could not tell, so we agree to ask the kind Lounger to have a portrait and biography of the aforesaid Prime, with some account of Miriam, placed on record on the initiatory page of some early number of the incomparable *Weekly*.
>
> "As a slight return for such a favor, or rather in appreciation of it, we would say to the Lounger that should he desire to feast his eyes on the beauties of this prairie land in gorgeous October costume—the railroad is most done—we should be most happy to give him a cordial welcome to our fireside, show him in our library every number of the *Magazine* and *Weekly* ever issued, and then introduce him to the deer, the prairie-chickens, the quail, the ducks, *id est omnes genus*, that do now abound.
>
> "Faithfully, L'OCCIDENTE."

—The Lounger is not surprised at the laudable curiosity of L'Occidente. But does his correspondent not know how much charm there is in mystery? Suppose he should say the venerable author of whom you inquire flourishes still in a green and serene old age. His legs, which were shot away in the famous Battle of the Nile, won by Admiral Coligny over the combined Swedes and Brazilians, have been replaced by a pair of most excellent corks, upon which he lightly springs in the discharge of his duties as United States Marshal for Block Island—an office which he fills and adorns, and which was given him by President John Adams in testimony of his bravery in the battle. His thin and straggling locks fall upon his attenuated shoulders; but Nature, fond, but not willing to endow one of her children with all her graces, has denied him a beard. Reserved and morbidly retiring, he shuns the haunts of men, dreaming dreams of his vanished youth, and chasing pirates off Montauk?

Would that suffice? Could not the Lounger's correspondent now single him out of the busy crowd of Gotham, when, by chance and rarely, he is seen gliding, a reverend ghost, along the wharves?

> "INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, *October*, 1858.
>
> "FRIEND LOUNGER,—Two friends wish to know the name of the author of 'What will he do with it?'
>
> "One declares it to be 'Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer,' and holds to his opinion with firmness; the other, with equal steadiness, maintains the name to be 'Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.'
>
> "The disputants have agreed to refer the vexed question to the well-known sagacity and profound learning, but particularly to the strict sense of justice, always displayed by the Lounger in his decisions on any subject; and they therefore await his decision with all patience.
>
> "Yours fraternally,
>
> "INQUISIDOR."

—The Lounger's compliments, and begs to reply, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, son of General Bulwer and Miss Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Hants, where he now resides when not at his town residence, Park Lane, London.



FADING AWAY.

FADING AWAY.

THE picture on the opposite page is a novelty in Art. It is an engraving made from a photograph, the photograph being taken from life. In a word, Mr. Robinson, of London, has begun to compose pictures with living models, and to photograph them from life. This is even ahead of Mr. Brady, who, we believe, has never got beyond the portrait business. From the engraving we now publish the public will probably be inclined to au[illegible]r well of Mr. Robinson's project.

THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

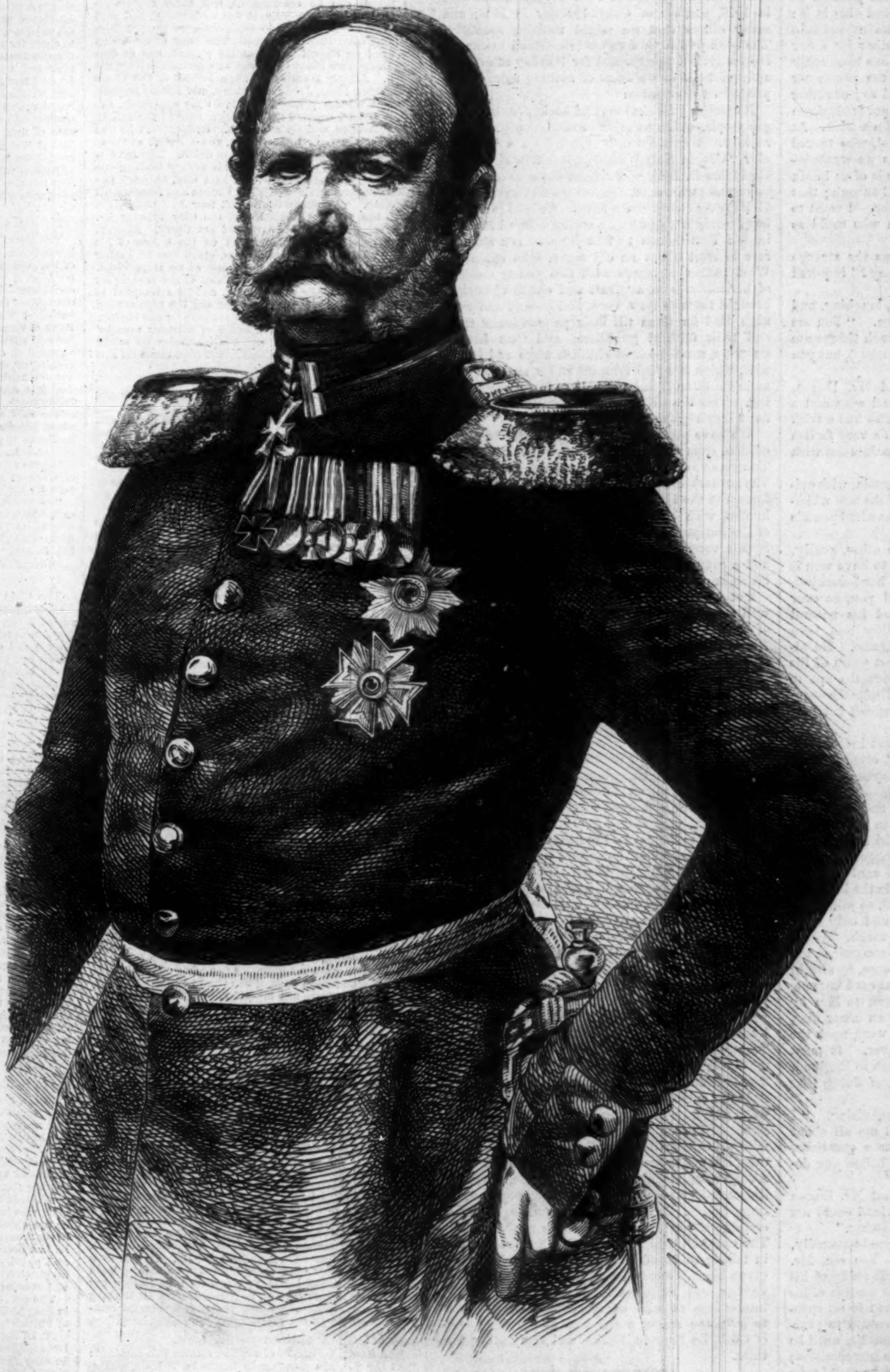
THE accompanying portrait is that of Prince Frederick William Louis, brother of the King of Prussia, and, by royal appointment, since October 23d of last year, Prince Regent during the King's probably lasting illness.

Frederick William Louis was born on the 22d of March, 1797, and is therefore already in his sixty-second year. He began his public life on his tenth birthday, March 22, 1807, by entering the First Regiment of Prussian Royal Guards as Ensign; served acceptably in the war against Napoleon I.; was made Major in 1814; General in 1816; Major-General, and received the command of the Infantry Guard, in 1818; became General of Division in 1820, and finally, in 1825, as Lieutenant-General, received from his father, the then reigning King, command of an army-corps. Upon the death of his father he took the title of "Prince of Prussia," which, by the law of succession, belongs to the heir to the throne, where this is other than the son of the reigning monarch. March 9, 1848, he was made Governor of the Rhine Provinces of Prussia; and the same year spent some time in England, where, besides observing the peculiarities of the British Government, it is supposed he laid the train for the marriage between his son, Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles (born 18th October, 1831), and the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, Victoria Adelaide (born 21st November, 1840).

During his public career the Prince of Prussia has abstained from taking sides with any of the political parties which have struggled for the ascendancy in Prussia. His opinions were never very certainly known; and he has surprised the Prussian public by nearly every important political step of his life. An American resident in Berlin wrote of him last year:

> "It is not yet possible to foretell what new policy the Prince of Prussia will adopt when his destiny calls him to the throne. All that is known is, that in many respects the Prince does not share the political views of his brother; and of some of these views he is the declared opponent. The education of the Prince—concluded in an epoch one of the most unhappy in the Prussian annals, 1806 to 1813—has impressed his character with a serious turn. Later they have attributed to the Prince, who appeared to have a marked predilection for the military *régime* adopted in Russia, a very decided *penchant* for Russia itself. When the royal family deliberated on the development of representative institutions, the Prince appeared to evince the strongest repugnance in giving his consent to these innovations; and, in the session of the Diet, the Prince declared himself that the institutions decreed by the ordonnance of February 3, 1847, appeared to him to be the last limit of concessions which the Crown should grant. In the days of March, 1848, and after that period, the Prince became the object of blind aversion to the revolutionists. However, certain personages made later some mysterious efforts to gain the Prince the Liberal party, and the Princess Royal made no mystery of her sympathies for the Frankfort members of Parliament, even when the King had refused the Imperial crown which this Parliament offered to him. In 1849 the Prince of Prussia put himself at the head of the army which entered the Palatinate and the Grand Duchy of Baden to stifle the last convulsions of the same German revolution which had wished to transport the crown of the Germanic Empire to Berlin. The Prince did not assist at the sitting of the Chambers in which the King took the oath to the new constitution. The Princess, his wife, did not conceal her regret at the pacific mission of M. Manteuffel to Olmütz, by which the imminent danger of a war with Austria was averted. These facts seem in some measure to contradict each other, but it results from their *ensemble* that the character—noble, loyal, and firm—of the Prince, a stranger to all ostentation, has never varied. Once hated, suspected, and persecuted by the violent party, he appears now as the representative and champion of Prussian nationality, and surrounded by the *aureole* of popular sympathies."

So far as his conduct of the Regency has shown him as a ruler, he seems pacific, patient, judiciously liberal in politics, and tolerant in religious matters.



THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

AMALEK DAGON.

NEXT to the inexpressible privilege of belonging to the best circle one's self must be certainly ranked that of being acquainted with those that do belong to it. If we are not the rose ourselves, at least let us get as near to that flower as possible, that when we return to baser company we may with truth have something to congratulate ourselves upon. My rose is Sir John Aighton, Baronet, or, as I feel myself sometimes justified in calling him, Cousin Jack—a man who has dined with no less a person than our Sovereign Lady the Queen; a man who is on the committee of the Rhadamanthus Club, and the third best whist-player in Britain. I except, of course, Field-Marshal Bang, whose fame is more than European, and Lord Charles Five-to-two, who is known to have never missed a trump since he was of the age of thirteen.

I was extremely surprised to see him in town the other day, at a time when, according to his own confession, there was "not a single soul in all London;" by which he meant, of course, no denizen of its upper circles.

"Well, Harry," cried he, extending three lavender-colored fingers in lieu of the customary pair, "have you half an hour or so to spare in the service of a blood relation?"

I replied, and very truly, that I always had half an hour, or half a day for that matter, at his complete disposal whensoever he desired my company.

"Very well," answered he, with a frankness that became him charmingly; "I'm exceedingly glad of it, for I hate walking alone, and there's nobody else to walk with. We will go together and see Dagon."

"And who is Dagon?" inquired I, not without a sense of shameful ignorance.

"Why, Amy Dagon, of course," retorted he, sharply. "Who else should it be?"

"Thank you," responded I, disengaging my arm from his with a certain virtuous violence, "my wife wouldn't like it if she heard of it. In short, you're a man about town, and I'm not; and I would rather not see her, whoever she is."

I really did not believe that it was possible for any body reared in the best circles to laugh as the baronet laughed at this reply. I don't think any body ever saw him with tears in his eyes before.

"It's a man," he cried, as soon as he found breath to speak; "it's Amalek Dagon; and do you really mean to tell me that you never heard of the great Dagon before?"

"Never," said I; "never, upon my word, except as a heathen god."

Cousin Jack looked down upon me—he has a way of doing that, although I am taller than he—with an expression as if he was contemplating some rare and curious zoological specimen.

"Come along," exclaimed he, "come along. I would not have missed this for a couple of ponies. Have you ever chanced to catch the name of Palmerston, or of Betting Davis, or of the Tipton Slasher? Indeed! Well, I'm astonished to hear it. This is Trafalgar Square, and that is the National Cruet-Stand; and now you shall see another British institution, who is quite as well known in town as they."

We turned into the Strand, and rang at the private door of a house of genteel appearance. A tidy-looking servant-girl answered the summons, but requested us to give our names before informing us whether her master was at home. Having carried the baronet's card up stairs, she returned immediately and ushered us into a room on the first floor, plainly but handsomely furnished. A short and rather vulgar-looking person, but perfectly well-dressed, rose from the sofa at our entrance, and put aside a sporting paper that he had been reading.

"How are you, Dagon?" said my cousin, nodding carelessly. "I have brought a friend of mine to look at you, who has never heard of your existence before."

The little man smiled in a somewhat sinister manner, but professed himself charmed at making the acquaintance of any friend of Sir John's.

"What is your last achievement, Amy?" inquired my cousin, with the air of a man who asks for information for somebody else. "Any thing about you in *Bell?*"

"An account of a neat little thing we did upon the Eastern Counties last week—that's all; a mere trifle; but rather laughable, too."

"Go on; tell it, Dagon," said my cousin, yawning unpolitely; "it's sure to be news to him!"

"Well, Sir," replied the little man, addressing himself to me, "there has been a good deal of picking up, you must know, on that line of railway lately."

"Shares improving," interrupted I, innocently; "ah! so I've heard."

Mr. Amalek Dagon looked interrogatively toward my cousin, as though he would say, "Can this ridiculous ignorance be actually *bona fide*, or is it affected?"

Sir John Aighton, Baronet, indulged in a roar of laughter which would have done honor to a coal-heaver.

"No, Sir," replied the little man, softly, again addressing himself to me; "I did not exactly allude to the shares; I meant the sharpers. The card-sharpers and the thimble-riggers have been doing a great stroke of business upon that line, of late, particularly upon the Cambridge gentlemen. A young fellow-commoner, son of General Blazes—whom you know, Sir John—came to me only the other day, about his family-watch and other matters, which he had made over to them; the money was gone, of course, beyond recovery, and we had a great deal of difficulty even about the ticker. You see, they're an exceedingly low set of practitioners, these thimble people; quite pettifoggers, Sir, with little or no connection among respectable persons."

"I should imagine that was the case with most of that sort of gentry," observed I; "except, perhaps, an involuntary connection with the police."

Here Mr. Dagon gave a sort of forbearing smile, which could scarcely be called appreciatory.

"So," he continued, "I determined to put these public nuisances down. I took a place in company with three young gentlemen of my acquaintance, from the Shoreditch Station to Cambridge, and two of the parties for whom I was in search got into the same carriage. They had not much luggage besides a small carpet-bag, but within that there were three stout sticks, and a round piece of wood, out of which they ingeniously constructed a table to play at cards upon. When we four, who seemed to be all strangers to each other, declined to join in the amusement, they showed themselves desirous of conforming to our fastidious tastes by producing three thimbles and a pea. It's the simplest game to look at, as you may have observed, but I should recommend you not to play it in a mixed company. I warned my young friends not to do so upon this occasion, but they persisted, and they accordingly lost their money: one sovereign, two sovereigns, a five-pound note, went very rapidly into the pockets of the individual who handled those simple domestic implements. Presently one of the losers got so excited that he offered to lay twenty-five pounds upon the next event.

"'Now, hands off,' cried he, 'I'll bet that the pea is not under either of these two thimbles,' and, lifting them, he verified his statement; 'therefore I need not say that it must, of course, be under the third.'

"The two men protested that this was not a fair way of winning the wager, but my three young friends got so excited as to protest that they would throw the others out of the window unless the money was paid; which at last it was. For my part, I rather took the side of the sharpers in this dispute, although I observed that the words in which the bet was made could be of no consequence with two gentlemen such as, it was easy to see, they were. 'I myself,' said I, 'if I ever did make a bet, would name the very thimble under which the pea was hidden, for fifty pounds; the thing being to me as plain as daylight.'

"The two proprietors of the table contradicted this so warmly, and derided my judgment so contemptuously, that I was actually induced to lay the money.

"'This,' said I, then, their hands being withdrawn from the board, 'is the thimble under which the pea is hidden.'

"'You bet fifty pounds on that,' cried they, excitedly.

"'Done!' replied I, lifting the thimble. 'Here is the pea; and there,' continued I, lifting the others very swiftly, 'there is no pea, as I told you.'

"All that they had won, and all that they had had originally in their possession, was scarcely enough to defray this second debt of honor which they had thus incurred. They got out, short of their stopping-place, at the very next station;

and they will not, I think, trouble the Eastern Counties' passengers again for some considerable time."

"And how in the world," inquired I, "did you manage to win that money?"

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Dagon, with an ingenuous air, "these gentlemen were accustomed to withdraw the pea altogether during their manipulations, so that nobody could possibly pitch upon the covering thimble; in order to evade which difficulty I took the precaution of taking a pea of my own, with which, by a little sleight of hand, I supplied the deficiency."

When my admiration at this device had been sufficiently expressed, my Cousin Jack entered upon an explanation of the business which had brought him to the retreat of Mr. Amalek Dagon.

"You see, Amy, I was obliged to come up to town about another matter; but finding myself there, I could not go away without getting you to clear up a certain mystery which has puzzled us down in Warwickshire greatly. And this is it: Stuart and Ross (both of the Rhadamanthus Club) and myself have been staying together for a few weeks at Leamington, and were at one time sadly in want of a fourth man: neither the points nor the play of those we met with suited us; or rather they did not suit Stuart, who will never sit down twice with any man who has lost him a trick. At last a stranger appeared at our hotel, who turned out to be just such a performer as we wanted—only he won thirteen hundred pounds of us in six days. Now you know my play well enough; that of my two friends is scarcely inferior. I want to know, therefore, who was the man who could so spoil, and how he effected it."

"You are quite sure that it was the strange gentleman who really won the money?" inquired Mr. Dagon, quietly.

"Quite sure," replied my cousin, laughing, and without the least trace of annoyance. "You are right enough to be suspicious (for such things are not unknown even at the Rhadamanthus), but you are a little oversharp this time."

"Then the fourth person," said Mr. Dagon, thoughtfully, "must have had hazel eyes and a pair of very beautiful hands. He also had a trick of twitching his upper lip, which is a very foolish habit indeed for any gentleman who does not wish to be recognized."

"That's the man, Sir," cried my cousin, with evident satisfaction, "who did three of the best whist-players in England out of thirteen hundred pounds in a week."

"Well, Sir John," repeated the other, coolly, "and I know a man who deserves to have won it more than he—Charley Leger, as hard-working, pains-taking a young fellow, mind you, as ever breathed—a lad who has improved his natural gifts (and what a touch that fellow was born with!), as I believe, to the very utmost. He allotted two of the best and pleasantest years of his life—when other young men are but too apt to give themselves up to vice and dissipation—entirely to the perfection of that art which has cost you so dear."

"It must have been very high art indeed that could have protected his fingers," observed my cousin, "from three such pairs of eyes as he had upon them."

"It was," answered Mr. Dagon, enthusiastically; "Charley Leger absolutely can not himself discover, by vision, when he is in the act of transposition. The way in which he legged you was this. As soon as he got a pack of cards into his possession he set a finger-nail mark in the left-hand corner of the back of each court-card, so minute as not to be seen by the naked eye, and only to be felt by his own miraculous sense of touch. Whenever he dealt, his practiced thumb recognized unerringly these indentations, and at once, by sleight of hand, gave his adversary the next card but one, instead of the honor which belonged to him by right. He might have given him an honor also, it is true, but the odds, of course, were, upon the whole, immensely in Charley's favor. It must have been he, for there is no other man in England, save himself, who can be certain of doing that trick."

"Thank you," said my cousin, rising. "I thought you would be able to tell me all about the gentleman. Have you any more questions, Harry, to put to the great Dagon before you depart into the realms of Ignorance?"

"I want to know," said I, "what Mr. Dagon means by saying that his young friend could not even catch himself when he was cheating."

"Oh!" said the little man, good-naturedly, "that is very easily explained. You see, Mr. Leger applied himself to this difficult study of his for at least two years: in the latter portion of his probationary time he was accustomed to sit opposite a looking-glass; nor did he venture to practice his profession, and take in the public, until he was unable to perceive his own agile transpositions in the mirror—that is to say, until he could take in himself."

LITERARY.

Dr. Cabell, of the University of Virginia, has prepared a work, which Carter & Brothers publish, on the Testimony of Modern Science to the Unity of Mankind. Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander, of this city, introduces the volume in a brief but noble article, which, in his own masterly style, contains the sum of all human reasoning on this subject. Our space forbids any attempt to go over Dr. Cabell's grounds of argument. It is enough to say that, with a clear, simple, and yet overwhelming array of facts, of which no man living is more capable of judging the value and selecting the apposite than the learned professor, he disposes of the visionary notions of Agassiz, and the twaddle of Nott and Gliddon, and buries them one and all. After such a burial it is vain to dig for their remains. The truth of the Mosaic story is abundantly verified from nature, and the Bible is once more shown to be unimpeachable in its history as in its ethics. Dr. Cabell's plan is not abstruse or difficult. He shows first that the deductions made from certain supposed facts by these new theorists are false deductions, and then he deliberately shows that there are no such facts. The argument falls before its foundation, and then the foundation is demolished. We have never seen a more thorough annihilation of a creed and a believer than Dr. Cabell here administers to the theory of a diversity of origin in different families of the human race.

A. D. F. Randolph publishes The Lyra Germanica, Second Series, in the beautiful style which admirers of the First Series will remember. The volume consists of translations by Catharine Dinkworth, of German hymns of the past centuries, many of them exceedingly rich and delightful, many of surpassing beauty, while some are flat and soulless. There is a musical and inspiring, almost inspired hymn of Paul Gerhardt, who died in 1676, another of Conrad Hojer in 1584, and many others that we might mention specially. The book will form a valuable addition to our religious lyrical poetry, and for Sunday afternoons and quiet places we know of nothing more appropriate as a companion.

Randolph publishes several books for the younger people, which we must be content with naming rapidly. Kenneth and Hugh, by the ever popular "Cousin Kate," whose name now appears as Catharine D. Bell, will attract the eyes of certain youngsters we wot of. Tabby's Travels; or, the Holiday Adventures of a Kitten, we read to a small boy (nearly six feet high), and he enjoyed it amazingly; The Babes in the Basket is a story of rare interest about an old slave, who escaped a West Indian massacre with two young children of her mistress in a "fruit and chicken" basket, brought them to New York, and worked and well-nigh died for them till their parents found them and their faithful guardian; and Our Little Girls, a small book of childish ways and loveliness, which has also tempted us for an hour from more substantial but not half so interesting reading. This is really a delicious little lot of books from Randolph's.

We have pleasure in calling attention to a new edition, from Carter & Brothers, of Dr. Murdock's Translation of the Syriac New Testament. The author's name and the work are, of course, well known to the learned world. They might be well known, with benefit, to families where the study of the Scriptures is a favorite employment. The Syriac version possesses points of great interest, and a comparison of this with the received translation in ordinary use is instructive to any reader.

Let every one who is a lover of the beautiful, as well as every one charitably inclined, buy a copy of Rev. Ralph Hoyt's Sketches of Life and Landscape, published by Stanford & Delisser, of which the profits go to the Church of the Good Shepherd, lately destroyed, in this city. And having been bought, it will be read without doubt, as every thing by the author of "Old," and "Rain," and other delicious poems, is read. It is illustrated.

Ticknor and Fields publish a volume of Miscellanies by Charles Kingsley, consisting of his articles on Sir Walter Raleigh, The School of Alexandria, and other scholarly productions of the author. The reader of "Amyas Leigh" will find much to attract and instruct him in the first named article, while the second will lend new interest to "Hypatia." Much that Mr. Kingsley writes is learned, much lamentably superficial, much nervous and forcible, and much weak and watery; while it is all readable, and all to be read with care and due exercise of the reason and judgment. He is a pleasant companion, but a dangerous teacher, and, having made you his friend by his winning style, will be apt to poison you unless you are careful and watchful.

Lippincott & Co. publish a very attractive book by Mr Frank Goodrich, the well-known Dick Tinto. Man on the Ocean is a collection of remarkable voyages, giving their history and chief events from the time of Noah to the laying of the Atlantic cable. To the young these histories always prove attractive, and the large amount of instruction in this volume will add to the pleasure with which the children will read it. At the same time, it is not to be regarded as a child's book, but as a very complete history of navigation, especially illustrated in long and adventurous voyages, the improvements in ship-building, and in means of crossing the sea, from early times to the present. The chief fault to be found with the book is, that in taking so broad a field Mr. Goodrich has not given himself space for a full account of any one voyage, and hence we miss much that would be interesting, as well as much that is important, to give the reader a fair idea of the adventures of Cook, La Perouse, Drake, and many other worthies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE GOLD MINES.

Our dates from Victoria, Vancouver Island, are to October 8, and from the mines on Frazer's River to October 4. The river has fallen, and considerable gold was being taken out; but the weather was so cold and unpleasant that many of the miners are deserting the country and returning to California. By two steamers, which arrived in San Francisco on the 11th and 12th October, over eight hundred persons returned from the Frazer River region.

THE EXECUTION OF RODGERS, THE MURDERER.

Rodgers, the murderer of Swanson, was executed in this city on Friday, 12th. Energetic efforts had been made by many influential persons to procure a commutation of the sentence, but Governor King was inflexible. From first to last he refused to interfere on behalf of the prisoner, alleging that the state of New York required the law to be rigorously vindicated. We take from the New York *Times* the following account of the affair:

THE EVE OF THE FATAL DAY.

"On Thursday afternoon he took final leave of his aged mother. The scene may be imagined, and needs no description. He spent the night in walking the corridor, sitting by the stove, and retiring occasionally into his cell to pray, attended by Father Duranke of the Sixteenth Street Church, who passed the night with him. He was then in the charge of Deputy-keeper Finlay. About 3 o'clock he lay down upon the floor of his cell, and soon fell asleep. The keeper awoke him at 6 o'clock, when he renewed his devotions, and at 8 o'clock was taken to a little room in the Female Department of the Prison, which had been converted into a Chapel. Here mass was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Neligan, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, assisted by Father Duranke. The father, two sisters, two brothers, and a brother-in-law of Rodgers were present. After the ceremony he took leave of them. The scene, by those who witnessed it, is said to have been most heart-rending. On returning to his cell he declined any refreshment. The Reverend Fathers Curran, of St. Andrew's Church, and Sanguinetti, of the French Catholic Church, in Canal Street, now joined him, and, with the clergy before-named, assisted him in his devotions, all other persons being, at his special request, prohibited from entering his cell.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

"Early as 10 o'clock, about eighty persons, who had been furnished with tickets of admission by the sheriff, were awaiting the time of execution within the walls. Without, a large crowd, some eight or nine hundred had collected. In Leonard Street, there are three houses, from the roofs of which a tolerable view of the yard of the prison can be commanded, and these roofs were thronged with people, who, it was understood, had paid sums ranging from 10 to 50 cents each, for the privilege of seeing what they could see. The hour of execution was fixed by Sheriff Willet at 11½ o'clock, and at that time there were about one hundred spectators within the prison. Among them were Judge Hilton, of the Court of Common Pleas, Justice Connolly, and sundry respectable, but private persons. At the time appointed, the deputy sheriff, deputed for the office, entered the cell of the condemned, and pinioned him. Rodgers said he was glad that the hour had arrived, and assisted, as far as possible, in the preparation for his death. The procession was formed, the sheriff and his deputy leading the way. Rodgers followed, with a firm step, between two of his reverend advisers, Father Curran and Sanguinetti attending. The doctors followed, four in number, Dr. Covil, the resident physician of the City Prison; Dr. Quackenbush, Dr. Woodward, and Dr. Barry. Rodgers held a crucifix in his hand, and on the bosom of his shirt a small cross of plaited grass, given him by Father Sanguinetti, was fastened. He showed no trepidation. Even when he joined in the responses of the service for the dying, when the priests knelt, and he attempted to kneel and was unable to do so, because the rope around his neck restrained him, he did not flinch for one instant. He looked sickly, the consequence of thirteen months' confinement in a narrow cell, but otherwise he might have been supposed a spectator rather than the chief actor in the scene.

THE DEATH SCENE.

"At twenty-two minutes before twelve o'clock the rope was cut. For nearly a minute he swung around, and vibrated to and fro, from the force of the ascent and the corresponding force of the fall. Then he commenced to struggle, and for eight minutes his quiverings were fearful. He so far loosened his right arm from the rope that pinioned him that he was able to thrust his hand within his shirt bosom, where he tore at his heart, as if there was the seat of all his pain. He had probably no consciousness—the doctors said the action was merely muscular and involuntary, but it was sickening to behold. After eight minutes his pulse ceased to beat. After hanging forty minutes, he was lowered, and deposited in a plain stained coffin. His brother and a male relative—his brother-in-law, as was understood—entered the yard while he was suspended, and received his remains. And then a terrible scene occurred.

DISPOSAL OF THE CORPSE.

"His mother, sisters, and brothers were in the prison, awaiting the custody of his remains. On the coffin containing the body being brought into the outer yard, they threw themselves upon it, and the spectacle that followed was too harrowing for description. The face of the deceased, which was horribly contorted, was exposed, but they bent over it, kissing the swollen lips, from which the tongue protruded, till finally one after the other fainted, and the oldest *habitues* of the Tombs had to retire, unable to bear the scene. Eventually the corpse was removed in a hearse to the residence of the parents, and thus the execution ended."

A FEARFUL OPERATION PERFORMED ON ONE'S-SELF.

A well-known citizen of Richmond recently received a letter from his son, a physician, now in California, giving an account of a surgical operation performed upon himself, the details of which border upon the marvelous. Chancing to see the description in question, we solicited it for publication, and now place it before our readers, feeling well assured that they will read it with interest. One hardly knows which the more to admire, the skill of the operators or the fortitude of their patient.

"It," the letter proceeds, "is now a month since I have been here. I was getting on so slowly in Marysville that I thought I would come to San Francisco to have an operation performed to see why the principal bone in my leg did not unite. After lying upon my back in Marysville for 103 days, it was time I think. Besides, my physicians there and myself differed as to the cause, and being confident that my leg would not get well for a year, perhaps, with their *let-alone treatment*, I concluded to have it cut down upon and thoroughly examined. Dr. Cooper, an acquaintance of mine, and an excellent surgeon, in whom I have much confidence, has charge of my case. At my request, and in the presence of some dozen or more physicians, he operated. An incision seven inches long was made upon the inner surface of the leg, then another at right angles; the flesh was carefully dissected from the bone throughout that extent, so as fully to expose the fracture, etc. The bones were pried apart, and eight pieces of bone of different sizes removed. The ends were then well scraped, and after drilling six holes three silver wires were introduced to bring and hold the ends together. The operation was a severe one, but I bore it without taking chloroform. I had suffered so much with the leg, and being anxious to get well, I could have stood any sort of operation. It is now thirty-five days since the operation, and I shall get up to-day week—confident this time that all is right, for the bone has united and all is firm. It will be a month or so after I get up before I will be able to walk without my crutches. I feel first-rate, and enjoy my time in bed as well as any body could, for I let nothing disturb my mind. Agreeable books and cheerful company, of which I have enough, keep me quite busy."

A FINGER FOR A LIFE.

The Keokuk *Journal* of the 23d relates this incident: "At the Lincoln meeting in Carthage, Illinois, yesterday, Captain Appler, of this place, was there with his field-piece firing a salute, which he had been employed by the Republicans to do. The powder being bad, in the course of the firing the gun went off prematurely. James Lynch was at the muzzle, ramming the cartridge, when it ignited. Captain Appler, who was at the vent, finding a premature discharge was inevitable, called 'Get away, Jim!' holding on to the vent till the fire burned his finger off up to the first joint, and until Lynch had escaped the range of the ramrod. It is seldom, in chronicling an incident of this kind, that we find men possessing the nerve and heroic fortitude that Captain Appler displayed on this occasion to save his friend from an untimely death. Both were considerably burned by powder, but neither dangerously hurt."

AN INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* says: "A national cricket match—none of your 'eleven of Canada against eleven of New York'—but a regular top-lofty affair, between the United States and England, is now on the *tapis*, as the public will now for the first time learn through your columns. Although this match has been for some time talked about in the cricketical circles, it was not until Monday, November 1, that a formal meeting was held to take it into consideration. The St. George's Club was convened on Monday evening last, for the purpose of taking the initiatory steps to bring about the proposed match. Last summer the Secretary addressed a note to the 'Lords' Club, Marylebone,' to ascertain whether and upon what terms the best eleven of England would visit the United States, for the purpose of playing a friendly match. An answer came that they would come over for one hundred pounds sterling per man—enough to pay passage to and fro and expenses—the party to consist of thirteen persons—eleven players, one umpire, and one scorer. Your English readers are aware, though your Puritan readers probably are not, that the eleven of the Lords' Club are regarded as the best in the realm. They do nothing but play cricket, and earn, on an average, from four to five pounds a week. It is understood that if the proposed match comes off, *the eleven* will be composed of six or seven professionals and four or five young sprigs of nobility. The St. George's Club propose to raise seven thousand dollars to defray the hospitalities, and have resolved to *do it*. Letters were directed to be written to Lord Napier and Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, soliciting their donations and co-operation. Should favorable answers be received, they will impart to the affair additional *eclat*. If not, it will nevertheless go on; for the J. Bulls have made up their minds that the thing must go, and go it will."

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW ORLEANS EPIDEMIC.

The New Orleans *Delta* relates the following, as one of the incidents of the yellow fever epidemic in that city: A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claiborne Street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me any thing; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you."

A DROLL BET ON THE ELECTION.

The Batavia *Herald* has the following: "Harry Wilber and Mr. Hascall of the first part, and Thomas Yates of the second part, in the heat and ardor of the political confidence, yesterday, they had of the success of their candidates—Morgan and Parker—unitedly staked the strength of their confidence in the following wager: The parties of the first part were to give their check on the Bank of Genesee for the sum of $50, as wager first; and the said parties of the first part were to draw a two-horse wagon-load of unhusked corn into Ellicott Hall, in the evening of yesterday, and, with the party of the second part, were to husk it out during the evening; and if the parties' first aforesaid candidate (Parker) loses his election in the State, the said first parties should forfeit or yield to the said second party the $50 wager, and wheel in a wheel-barrow all of said husked corn, with their own hands, to the house of the said second party, as wager second. And so, *vice versa*. Hence, we may now expect soon to see Harry, with his colleague, to the music of Gardner's Band, wheeling our friend Thomas some corn for his pigs.

"Since committing the above to type, Harry and Hascall, like wheel-barrow veterans, have begun rolling the corn up to Thomas, led on by Gardner's Band, playing, first, 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' and ending up with 'Yankee Doodle,' loud enough to burst their drum-heads and split their fifes."

TOM CORWIN'S LAST.

The Ohio *Press* says; "At a trial recently held at Yellow Springs, growing out of a difficulty between some of the students and faculty of Antioch, the 'Old Wagon Boy,' who represented the faculty, was exhibiting to the jury a foil or cane, belonging to one of the students, which was probably used in the melee. Tom was in his usual happy mood, and brought down the house frequently by his witty illustrations of the noble science of fencing—now parrying imaginary thrusts, and anon throwing himself fiercely upon the attack. At last, having exhausted his full store of pleasantries, with one fell thrust he made feint to strike one of the students, Mr. Fisher, who sat near by, and, with look of unfathomable gloom and the voice of a Stentor, he thundered out, 'And what would you do, Sir, being unarmed, if I should attempt to pierce you through?' Imagine the roar of laughter which greeted this last eloquent effort of the 'old stumper' when the half-frightened student, collecting again his wits, sprang to his feet, and successfully mimicking Corwin's most bombastic style, exclaimed, 'I'd welcome you, Sir, with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.'"

SHOT WITH WATER.

A young German of Chicago, named Simon, says the *Press* of that city, committed suicide on Saturday last in the following strange manner: He went into a shed, took a gun, and loading it with water, placed the muzzle in his mouth and fired, completely shattering his head. When found he was standing in the corner leaning on his gun. The room presented a terrible appearance, being completely drenched with blood and covered with pieces of head and brains. The cause of the suicide is traced to the refusal of Simon's father to permit him to marry the girl of his choice. The same paper chronicles the death of a child at the public school by the falling of a keg of nails upon his head from the roof of the school-house, which is undergoing repairs.

PERSONAL.

The Boston *Traveler* says: "Letters recently received from Mr. Sumner represent his health as being considerably improved. He writes that the physicians at Aix will probably attribute his improvement to the baths; Dr. Brown Sequard will think it the result of the *moxa*, and his friends at home may suppose that relaxation from labor is the cause; but of the fact that he is much improved in health there is no doubt. He was about leaving Aix for Paris when last heard from." The Boston *Herald* has the following: "A New Bedford gentleman, who has recently returned from Europe, states it to be the opinion of Mr. Sumner's physicians that he will never recover from the effect of the injuries from which he has been suffering for over two years. His mental and physical system is much shaken, and, although he may survive for years, there is little probability that he will ever be able to resume the duties of public life."

The post of Consul to Trieste, one of the most valuable in the gift of the President, is bestowed upon Mr. Remak, of Philadelphia.

M. H. Bovee, who, as a Senator of Wisconsin, was active and prominent in effecting the abolition of the Death Penalty in that State, is about to canvass the State of Illinois in advocacy of the Anti-capital Punishment cause.

On Monday afternoon, as Mr. Josiah Quincy, Sen., of Boston, was crossing Park Street, at its junction with Tremont Street, he was knocked down by a carriage, the wheels of which passed over his legs. No bones were broken, however, neither was Mr. Quincy seriously injured, though his head was badly cut at the back of the right ear, in consequence of its contact with one of the sharp pavements. After a few hours of rest Mr. Quincy became quite comfortable, and no fears of a serious result are entertained by his physicians. He will be about the streets as usual in a day or two.

Perley Poore writes from Washington to the Boston *Journal:* "Miss Lane has not yet returned from a visit to Philadelphia. Mr. Corcoran and daughter will pass the winter at Cuba. Governor W. B. Laurence, of Rhode Island, is here, an applicant, *on dit*, for a foreign mission. General Filibuster Walker is at Brown's Hotel. Senator Nicholson, of Tennessee, is at Kirkwood's. Rev. Mr. Haley, formerly of Massachusetts, has been elected Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons."

Sir Charles Bright, who has lately been knighted for his share in laying down the Atlantic telegraph, is the youngest individual on whom that honor has been conferred for many years. He is only twenty-six years of age, having been born in 1832.

M. Adolphe Reichenheim, a wealthy Jewish merchant of Berlin, being desirous to testify the estimation in which the character and attainments of Alexander von Humboldt are held by him, made, on the occasion of that eminent man's eighty-ninth birthday, a donation of 5000 thalers to the society established for the purpose of affording aid to poor students of the Jewish persuasion, the condition being attached to it that the sum so placed at their disposal should be administered as the "Humboldt Fund."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH TO BE WORKED AT LAST.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Whitehouse in the London papers:

"I have not tested nor in any way examined the state of the cable since my return to Valentia, nor shall I, of course, do so, after all that has passed, until I receive definite permission from the Directors for such examination to be made by me.

"It is, therefore, from previous observations, and from a careful review of all that has occurred since my departure from Valentia, that I now state my strong conviction that our cable is recoverable—readily recoverable; and if such opinion be correct, the reopening of communication with America will at once follow the adoption of the proper measures.

"A few days' testing, guided by the experience gained during the manufacture and subsequent use of the cable, will in all probability enable me to ascertain this beyond doubt.

"If the result of this examination be such as to satisfy my own judgment, I shall then be prepared to make to the Company the following offer:

"I will undertake at my own cost, and at my own risk, to reopen communication with Newfoundland, and, further, to maintain it for a given number of years, at a moderate percentage upon the gross receipts of the Company, this being payable so long only as the line shall be kept by me in good working order.

"I now, therefore, request the Directors' permission for such examination of the cable as shall be necessary to enable me to make an offer in the terms above stated.

"I am, etc., G. O. WILDMAN WHITEHOUSE,
"Late Electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company."

THE QUEEN'S SONS SETTING UP IN LIFE.

A London paper contains the following: "The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Lindsay, went down to Portsmouth on Wednesday last, to see Prince Alfred off. The parting between the royal brothers was very affectionate, and the royal cadet seemed also much moved at parting with his old friends and instructors—Dr. Minter, of the royal yacht, and Naval Instructor Jolly, of the *Illustrious*. The latter gentleman is now appointed tutor to Prince Arthur.

"The young sailor Prince seemed in the best of spirits, and at once at home with the young gentlemen selected (for no officer has been appointed to the *Euryalus*, we believe, whose character and merits have not first been submitted for her Majesty's approval) to be his *compagnons de voyage*. Mr. Walton, of Gosport, was honored by her Majesty's commands to fit out the young Prince; and it may be interesting to those young gentlemen who are studying to enter the navy, and others already admitted and serving, to know that Prince Alfred will enjoy no immunity from his royal rank, that his outfit is no better nor more extensive than theirs, that his chest is the exact and strict 'regulation' article, and if his servant has a cabin allotted him, the Prince, his master, slings his hammock on the lower deck, and berths himself therein the same as the other cadets, and with the same chance of 'cobbing,' though probably not with the like probability of receiving that introductory infliction. Her Majesty had the Prince's chest and outfit sent up to Buckingham Palace for her own and the Prince Consort's inspection, and on its return to Mr. Walton on Wednesday for shipment, the Queen and Prince were both pleased to express their high satisfaction with the equipment. The chest is of polished oak, and the toilet utensils white metal electro-plated. The kit was of the usual character, and no superfluities.

"The Prince of Wales will shortly receive a commission in and join the army."

FEARFUL ACCIDENT TO A YOUNG LADY.

The neighborhood of Clifton was thrown into a state of the most painful excitement, in consequence of the death of a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman residing in the neighboring county of Gloucester, under circumstances of the most appalling description. The young lady in question, Miss Mary Richmond, was about eighteen years of age, and is understood to be a granddaughter of the Rev. Leigh Richmond. Miss Richmond was on a visit to a connection of her family, residing near Richmond Park, Clifton. On Friday she was observed to wander to a cliff, called "The Lion's-head Cliff," which stands at an elevation of upward of three hundred feet from the road below, and from which is obtained magnificent views of the Avon, the Hot-wells, the Leigh Woods, Ashton, and the surrounding scenery. From this tremendous height the unhappy young lady fell. The precise circumstances which led to the terrible accident are differently stated; but that it was an accident, and not, as at first stated, a suicide, there can be no reasonable doubt. According to one statement, Miss Richmond was absorbed in the perusal of a book, and that she unconsciously walked over the edge of the precipice; another account states that she was endeavoring to gather one of the rock plants which grow in the crevices of the limestone formation, and that in her efforts to reach it she overbalanced herself, and so fell. In her descent she was observed to beat against the projecting points of the cliff, and, finally, to pitch on her head on the winding road which skirts the river. Assistance was at once afforded, but the unfortunate young lady was beyond the reach of any human aid, having been dashed almost literally to pieces. Her face was shockingly torn and mangled, her lower jaw being broken and forced in on one side, several of her ribs and her arms and thighs broken, and the flesh of her legs torn and lacerated. This is the fourth or fifth accident of the kind which, during the last twenty years, has occurred from the same cliff.

BULL-TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Nottingham paper says: "His Grace the Duke of Portland, highly approving of the system of Mr. Rarey, in reference to the taming of horses, sent his groom, Mr. James Thompson, to undergo a course of instruction under that eminent master. Since Mr. Thompson's return to Welbeck he has tried the system on a valuable but very vicious bull, an Alderney, and which had become almost unmanageable, and even a terror to his keeper. He practiced a short time on him in his shed, and then took him into the open park. After operating on the bull for a short time, Mr. Thompson and two friends each lay down between his legs, the beast having nothing attached to him except a cord to his nose. He was as tractable and docile as a child.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

A curious incident happened to Mr. Bright while at Nice. One morning he unexpectedly received a visit from the chamberlain of the Empress Dowager of Russia, then residing there, and who expressed a wish that he should be presented to her. As he was much out of health at the time, he asked permission for one of his family to accompany him, which was at once granted, and both were conducted next day into the Imperial presence. The aged and worn widow of Nicholas desired them to be seated, and then, in terms of much dignity and grace, thanked him for the part he and his friends had taken in the Parliament of England in the endeavor to avert the Crimean war. The rugged nature of the Lancashire manufacturer was not wholly proof against the penetrating accents of unavailing grief thus addressed to him; and his eyes filled with tears as he expressed, in reply, his gratification at learning from such lips that the efforts of himself and his friends had been appreciated in Russia.

ILLNESS OF THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been attacked with a very painful disease—inflammation of the kidneys—and a few days ago his life was all but despaired of. His medical advisers have given it as their opinion that no danger now exists, but he is prohibited from preaching just yet. The following is the copy of a letter addressed to his congregation:

"BELOVED FRIENDS AND KINDRED IN CHRIST,—The days seem like weeks, and the weeks seem like months, since I went up to the house of the Lord. My heart and my flesh are crying out for the assembly of the saints. Oh, how I long to hear once more the solemn shout of the festal throng who with the voice of joy and praise keep holy day!

"I am slowly rallying. My great struggle now is with weakness. I feel as if my frail bark had weathered a heavy storm which has made every timber creak. Do not attribute this illness to my having labored too hard for my Master. For His dear sake, I would that I may yet be able to labor more. Such toils as might be hardly noticed in the camp for the service of one's country would excite astonishment in the church for the service of our God.

"And now I entreat you, for love's sake, to continue in prayer for me. When ye find access to God, remember me. Mind, it is not by the words of your mouth, nor yet by the cravings of your heart, but it is by the precious blood of Christ, you must draw nigh to God. And when ye find His sweet presence, and are bedewed with His holy anointing, then pour out your souls before Him, and make mention of me in your supplications.

"Yours to love and serve in the Gospel,
"C. H. SPURGEON.
"CLAPHAM, *Tuesday evening, October 26*, 1858."

FRANCE.

PROSECUTION OF COUNT MONTALEMBERT.

The *Moniteur* announces that the journal entitled the *Correspondent* has been seized for an article by Count de Montalembert on England and India, and that a prosecution is to be instituted against the writer and publisher, who are accused of attacks against the principle of universal suffrage, the authority which the Emperor is invested with by the Constitution, and the respect due to the laws. They are further charged with attempting to excite the people to hatred and contempt of the Government, and endeavoring to disturb the public peace. The article in question contains strong language. In one place the Count says: "Finding the foul marasmus creeping over me, my ears tingling with the low tittle-tattle of ante-chambery and the yells of fanatics who think themselves our masters, or hypocrites who think we are their dupes, suffocated by the servile and corrupting miasmata of a loathsome atmosphere, I left France for England to take a bath of fresh air."

In another place he says: "Returning to France I find, in *L'Univers*, 23d May, 1858, Parliamentary Government styled a farce, with scenic decorations. Happy country, and happy clergy, whose organ gives such sound information in such decorous phraseology."

The prosecution of so distinguished a man as the Count de Montalembert was expected to produce considerable excitement, and it was regarded as an indication of great confidence in its own strength by the Government.

ROSSINI'S NEW HOME.

The Paris municipality have offered Rossini a most eligible site, planted with full-grown trees, in the delightful suburb of Passy, where he is about to construct an Italian villa. The *maestro* had found his native Bologna insufferably dreary, dismal, and dull; nor is that to be wondered at while the present nightmare suffocates all human activity in that devoted town. He tried Florence; but that city he found a vast caravansera of passing strangers, without a permanent circle of social enjoyment. Paris has fulfilled all his requirements, and he erects his tent in that metropolis of taste, refinement, and intellectual as well as artistic cultivation.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says: "It is now, I believe, quite certain that the Emperor has resolved to build a new opera-house. A year ago, when the pretty Hotel d'Osmond, opposite the Rue de la Paix, was pulled down, a report that the new opera was to be built on the site was indignantly denied by authority. Nevertheless there was much foundation for the report, and the scheme for establishing the new opera there is even yet on the tapis. A rival project is, however, under consideration for building an opera-house on the south side of the Place de la Concorde, which would harmonize, in point of architecture, with the Ministry of Marine on the opposite side.

WHETHER HOOPS ARE TO BE ABOLISHED OR NO.

A letter from Paris contains the following: "It was said, some time ago, that when the Queen and the Empress met at Cherbourg their Majesties had a solemn deliberation on the grave question whether or not the doom of crinoline should be sealed, and the august personages came to the conclusion that at the end of the winter it should be. Whether this *on dit* were true or false I can not take on myself to affirm; but I have heard on excellent authority that the Empress and some of her ladies have lately been engaged in making all manner of experiments on dress, as regards form, and development, and color; and that the result is that they have determined before long to inaugurate a violent reaction to the present style—that is to say, to have dresses short enough to display the foot and ankle, instead of trailing on the ground; to diminish immensely their prodigious development; and in place of colors more or less staid to have the brightest and gayest hues imaginable."

NEW PARISIAN MANIA.

A Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "The fashionable clubs have got a new hobby. Large wagers are laid on the exit of promenades performed from one given point to another in Paris, on foot, by one of the members of said clubs—the difficulty consisting in the walking the distance *blindfolded*. Thus, it is not unusual to meet, on a fine starry night, a number of persons escorting one of these adventurous wights. A Mr. de St. R—— wagered one thousand francs against thirty thousand that he would walk blindfolded from the Bastile to the Madeleine; and after overcoming the numberless difficulties and obstacles such a feat presented, he succeeded in winning the bet, having, very probably for the first time in his life, earned his money by the sweat of his brow."

PAUL MORPHY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

We read in the *Times*: "From a letter dated Paris, October 20, from Paul Morphy, the young champion of American chess, we learn that it is the intention of Mr. Morphy to meet Anderssen and Lange, who propose to play with him in Paris during the holidays, if he can possibly remain there so long. Mr. Morphy's immediate return home is desired, it is said, by his relatives at New Orleans. Mr. D. W. Fiske, a member of the New York Chess Club, informs us that the statement which has been published to the effect that Mr. Von der Lasa, the Prussian Minister at Rio de Janeiro, was going to Paris to play with Morphy is incorrect. Letters recently received from Mr. Von der Lasa state that it would be impossible for him to leave Rio de Janeiro at present, and that if he could he would not go to Paris to play with Morphy, whom he considers and acknowledges to be a better chess-player than himself."

AN UNGRATEFUL DANSEUSE.

A truly Parisian anecdote of a danseuse, a bouquet, rich lace, and a prodigal count, we find in a late French paper. M. le Comte de M——, one of the many admirers of the brilliant star in the constellation of the ballet at the Grand Opera, Madame X——, desiring to furnish her with a new evidence of his infatuation, caused to be procured a magnificent bouquet, composed of the choicest and most expensive flowers, arranged with consummate taste. In order to preserve his gift-offering from the banalites of Parma violets, moss-roses, or camelias, he resolved to send it in an original manner. He bought in the Rue Richelieu, in one of the large establishments in the neighborhood of the Bourse, a superb lot of lace. Whether Point d'Alençon, d'Angleterre, or Marlines, is of little consequence; sufficient that it was twenty metres in extent, and cost three thousand four hundred francs!

One evening the bouquet, swathed in the precious tissue, parted from a loge, and fell at the feet of the sylphide. Madame found the flowers charming, and exultingly placed them in a Bohemian vase, first extracting their costly envelope. The lace was submitted to the verdict of a neighbor, who passed it to a young clerk familiar with silks, gimps, and embroidery; and, as chance would have it, it happened that he was precisely the person of whom the purchase had been made. He recognized the goods, and immediately revealed the prodigalities of his customer by indicating the price of the merchandise.

Informed of these details, an idea traversed the brain of the rival of Taglioni and Elssler. Disdaining all trophies of victory, indifferent to the homage of enthusiasm, she resold to the clerk the *souvenir* of an evening's success, at a loss of thirty per cent. on the original cost! And now the twenty metres of lace tranquilly sleep in the merchant's paste-board, waiting until a new bouquet or a ball-dress shall awaken them!

At the principal restaurants of Paris is sold choice and rare Bordeaux wine "returned from India." At the negotiant's, in the Rue Richelieu, they have invented "lace returned from Madame X——!"

PRUSSIA.

INAUGURATION OF THE REGENCY.

At one o'clock on Tuesday the members of both Chambers assembled in the White Saloon of the Royal Palace. The Prince Regent, after having thanked them for the patriotic unanimity with which they had co-operated in the establishment of the Regency, took, with a firm voice, the constitutional oath. The President of the First Chamber thanked his Royal Highness in the name of the country, and the President of the Second Chamber gave three cheers for the King and Prince Regent. The Minister President (Von Manteuffel) then declared the Diet closed.

The municipal authorities of Berlin have presented the following address to the Prince Regent: "ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE REGENT,—The whole country, and with it the principal place of residence of our sovereigns, represented by us, feel profoundly and sincerely the bitter sorrow of knowing our King and beloved master is still suffering. But we bless our Celestial Father for not having, in His bounty and goodness, left the country an orphan, and having given it in your Royal Highness, in this time of trial and affliction, the Royal master from whom the country expects the benefits of a just, mild, prudent, and strong government, such as it has always had for four hundred years, and such as is required by its welfare, liberty, and high mission. We pray the King of kings to accompany your Royal Highness with His blessing in the frequently thorny path of government, and to protect you with His powerful arm against all danger. May your Royal Highness deign to receive this expression of profound respect, love, and fidelity!"

The Prince replied: "I sincerely thank the authorities and delegates of the town of Berlin for their address on the occasion of my accession to the Regency of the kingdom. The more the cause of this temporary institution of a Regency is sad and sorrowful for our dear country the more painful to my heart is the duty which falls on me. But precisely because a duty is imposed on me, God, whose impenetrable decrees have charged me with it, will give me the force to accomplish it. On this point our sentiments are the same; and we incessantly address to Heaven our united prayers that our King and master, completely cured, may soon resume his august Royal functions."

ROBBERY OF A QUEEN.

On her recent passage through Leipsic—on the 13th ultimo—the Queen of Prussia was robbed of a box containing one five-hundred-thaler bill, several one-hundred-thaler bills, a number of gold coins, some articles of *virtu*, and, as a German paper significantly remarks, "last, not least," some manuscripts—possibly important state papers—in the Queen's handwriting. The Berlin *Zeit* estimates the value of the articles stolen at one thousand Fredericks d'or. The police have not the faintest clew to the perpetrator.

ITALY.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE POPE.

A correspondent of the *Continental Review* writes: "Possibly you may remember an accident which happened to the Pope in a building contiguous to the church. The floor of the upper portion, overweighted by prelates and other holy men, gave way, and the assembly found themselves on the ground-floor without having gone down stairs. None of them were hurt, and the credit of this lucky escape was naturally given to the Virgin and St. Peter. In order to reward his friends in need, the Pope had the interior of the church 'restored;' that is to say, the walls have been covered with loud-toned paintings and plaster of Paris medallions. One of the paintings is devoted to a faithful representation of the miracle, and displays the falling down of the room—the Virgin seated on a cloud, and St. Agnes, kneeling on another cloud, imploring her aid for his Holiness. Another painting shows the consummation of the miracle—the scene in the lower room. The Pope is standing upright, supported by St. Peter, and prelates are either falling or lying on the floor."

THE ABDUCTION OF THE JEW BOY.

The abduction of the Jewish boy is still the great subject of interest. The *Siècle* says: "The name of the medical attendant of the Mortara family at Bologna is Saragoni. In his certificate, dated 31st July, 1858, he declares that it was at the age of one year that the little Mortara was ill of a worm fever, which, however, caused no fear for his life. 'Professor Daveri and myself,' he says, 'felt perfect confidence on that point, and we informed the father, mother, and relatives of the child, and the servants of the family, of the fact of no danger existing.' It was, then, at the age of one year and not six that the little Mortara must have been baptized—if he were baptized at all, which is extremely doubtful. The servant, Anne Morisi, who did not speak of the baptism which she pretends to have administered until after five years of absolute silence, was not quite sixteen at the time of the indisposition of the boy! What a minister to confer a sacrament with all the formalities necessary for rendering it valid!"

A letter from Turin of the 23d says: "Is the baptism of young Mortara really proved? The Holy Office, it is true, affirms that it is; and its decision forms the basis of the conduct of the Holy See. But on reflecting well it is not difficult to prove that the decision of the Holy Office is unfounded and iniquitous. It rests on nothing more than the simple declaration of a girl, sixteen years of age, who was of loose conduct, and without education. She says that not knowing how to administer baptism, she applied to a druggist named Lepori, who told her. But Lepori says that this statement is false. His assertion destroys that of the woman, and that suffices to overthrow the plausible argument on which the Holy Office relies to consider the administration of baptism as certain and proved. It is not, then, proved that the child has been baptized."

FEARFUL MURDER BY A PRIEST.

The *Débats* contains the following letter from Rome, dated the 23d: "We have a most painful incident to record. The day before yesterday a priest was brought into the prisons of the Holy Office, guilty of assassination, accompanied with circumstances which excite special horror and disgust. The crime was committed in the little village of San Giulianello, five or six miles from Velletri. The following is the version most accredited, and which, unfortunately, appears to be too true. A small sum of money had been stolen from the curé of the place. He denounced a man of the country; but in default of evidence the accused was released. Furious at being at once frustrated of his vengeance and robbed of his money, the priest resolved to procure for himself the revelations which he wanted; to do this he enticed into a lonely grotto the son of the man whom he suspected, a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Having bound him by surprise, he commenced applying a sort of torture, by piercing him slightly with a knife. The boy remained firm, either knowing nothing or not wishing to say any thing. The sight of the blood further excited the miserable priest, and ultimately the boy succumbed under thirty-two wounds. When the body was discovered it became the duty of this very priest to inter it. Those who assisted at the ceremony thought they observed in him a strange emotion at the moment of pronouncing absolution over the coffin. The next day the brigadier of the Carabiniers having called upon him for the certificate of the registry of death, he seemed yet more troubled. The suspicions already excited were increased, and he was arrested."

THE POPE AND MISS DIX.

Miss Dix has lately visited the Pope. She gives Dr. Franks the following account of the interview:

"I visited the lunatic asylum, and my heart revolted at the sight. I did not see sick persons whom man should pity, unfortunates whom we should endeavor to cure; they were brutes in chains, the dens of which seemed never to have been cleaned. Several days after my visit to the lunatic asylum I was presented to his Holiness the Pope, who knew the object of my travels. The Pope asked me in the most friendly manner whether I had yet visited the asylum at Rome. I had the courage to answer, 'Yes, I am convinced that your Holiness has not yet paid it a visit.' Pio Nono quickly raised his head, and only bowed, with an expressive, attentive look. I understood him, and related to him, in a voice full of emotion, all the horrors and barbarism I had witnessed. I ventured, trembling within myself, upon a bold expression on the unchristian treatment of the unhappy beings. The respect-commanding man of Christendom listened with earnest attention, and said, briefly, after I had concluded, 'Come again in a week's time,' and I then left his presence. My anxiety was unutterably great. The Protestant, the stranger, had perhaps risked too much. Although I was conscious in my heart of my good intentions, I yet passed a sleepless night, and a day of deep inward agitation. It created a sensation when the holy father, two days after I had been presented to him, suddenly, while taking one of his drives, stopped before the gate of the asylum, and spent an hour in it. The week had passed, and I stood, as I had been commanded, in the Vatican before the Pope. In a manner as grave as it was calm, Pio Nono said to me: 'I have appointed a commission, charged to lay before me propositions concerning the erection of a lunatic asylum, conformably to the rules of humanity and morality, in the shortest time possible. When you visit Rome again your just and pious wishes will have been fulfilled. I thank you for your communications. May Heaven bless you!' I bent my knee, deeply moved, not before the head of Catholic Christendom, but before the wise prince and the good man."

SPAIN.

WHETHER AN ORPHAN IS LIABLE FOR THE SINS OF ITS PARENTS?

A Spanish peasant, named Santos, was some time ago taken in the conscription, but he petitioned against being compelled to serve, on the ground of his having to maintain an orphan sister, a minor, which, according to the law in Spain, is a sufficient cause for exemption. It was, however, proved to the Tribunal of Segovia, before which the case was brought, that the said sister was not born in lawful wedlock, but some years after the widowhood of the mother, and consequently the exemption was not allowed. The man appealed to the Council of State in Madrid, and the council has just declared that female orphans can not be punished for a fault they did not commit, nor be deprived of the support of their brothers, and that consequently Santos shall be exempted from military service in order to support his sister.

PORTUGAL.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs has received this morning a telegraphic dispatch, under date the 23d of October, from the Minister of the Emperor at Lisbon, announcing that the Portuguese Government had decided on restoring the ship *Charles Georges*, and setting at liberty Captain Rouxel."

A telegram from Lisbon, dated Monday, says: "This morning, at seven o'clock, the ship *Charles Georges* was restored, and the captain, Rouxel, set at liberty. The exact amount of indemnity that Portugal has engaged to pay, on the requisition of the French Government, is not yet fixed."

TURKEY.

THE WABASH ASTONISHING THE TURKS.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 16th October, says:

"The fine American frigate *Wabash*, the arrival of which I noticed in my last, has caused no small excitement at the Porte, as well as among diplomatists. It seems no one was aware of the size of the vessel, and, according to the wording of the application which was made at the Porte for her passage through the Dardanelles, a vessel of small size was expected. Of course size is a relative idea, and probably what is large at Stamboul may look small in New York. As America is not a party to the treaty which fixes twenty-one guns as the limit of the size of any man-of-war allowed to pass the Dardanelles, I don't know whose idea of large and small will ultimately prevail. In the mean time the frigate is the lioness of the Golden Horn, and, unless the diplomatists resolve to sink her under the weight of their dispatches, I am afraid it will be rather difficult to move her out of the comfortable position which she occupies, in the teeth of treaties and embassadors."

A Constantinople telegram of the 16th says:

"The United States Legation obtained a firman to admit only a corvette. On the appearance of the *Wabash*, the Porte drew up a protest, a copy of which was sent to the embassadors of the great Powers, and the American ship prepared to withdraw."

RUSSIA.

THE SHIP-RAISING AT SEBASTOPOL.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Gowan:

"I have raised whole the 16-gun schooner *Smelia*, the steamers *Turk* and *Groznoi*, and also the 16-gun brig *Aenas*, the *Parassiane*, and *Strella*, and am now engaged on the steamers *Danube* and *Odessa*, which will be raised in a few days. In addition to the above, I have entirely removed the hulls of two old line-of-battle ships and a frigate, that were formerly used as prison-ships; also the frigate *Havanna*, and the line-of-battle ship *Sagodul*, with the exception of her keel, which is buried in over twelve feet of soft mud. My forces are now engaged in the removal of the 120-gun ship *Constantine*, line-of-battle ship *Paris*, and transport *Benezau*, which are ships in the middle of the harbor, and are rapidly being removed. The tornado has not injured the sunken ships to the extent generally supposed. The Russian Government are now repairing the steamer *Turk*, which is in excellent order; her hull is quite sound, with the exception of her upper works; her engines require some slight repairs; the commission that examined her decided that it would require but five per cent. of her value to restore her to complete running order. The other vessels are in equally as good a condition. I beg further to remark, that I contracted to clear the harbor of Sebastopol, and shall complete the work in a faithful manner. The various contradictory statements that have appeared have undoubtedly arisen from the fact that an American company came here with a wonderful pump (Gwynne's), by which means they supposed they could exhaust the water from the ships and float them. After ineffectual attempts for some six months, they abandoned their work, and departed for America, *via* Constantinople. Not wishing to depreciate the power of their machinery, they reported the impossibility of the ships ever being removed, which has now been practically refuted.

"I am, etc., JOHN E. GOWAN."

PERSIA.

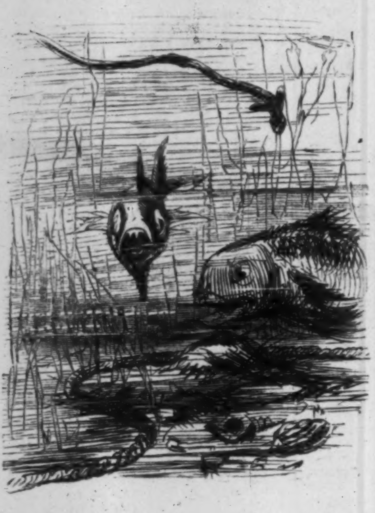
AN EXPENSIVE PRIME MINISTER.

A letter from Teheran of the 15th September says:

"The examination made into the accounts of Mirza-Agha-Khan, ex-Sadragan (Prime Minister), who, with his two sons, is still in custody, has revealed facts which are almost incredible. Thus, though his salary was not less than 1,000,000 francs a year, he appropriated annually 6,000,000 francs; and during the war with England he levied on all the country a tax, which he called 'Tax for the Holy War,' which amounted to 12,000,000 francs; but of that sum only one fourth went into the treasury, the three others not having been accounted for by him and his creatures. It is alleged that one or two influential parties have strongly solicited the Shah to take this individual into his service again, and on his refusal have even employed threats. But the Shah has remained firm."

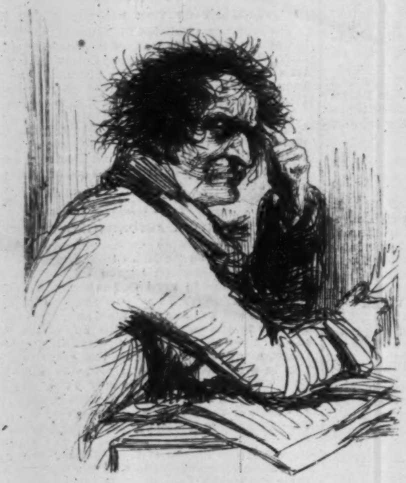
THE *LAY* OF THE CABLE.

TELLING OF ITS *INLAYS* AND *OUTLAYS*, ITS *RELAYS* AND *DELAYS*.



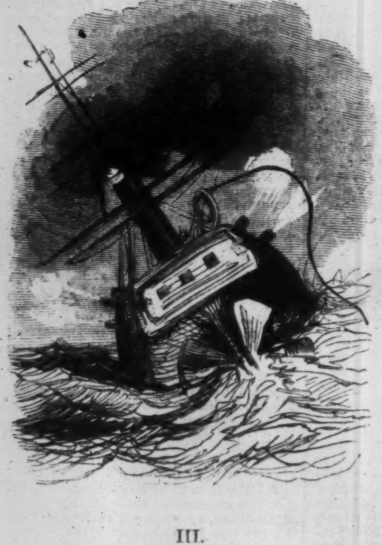
I.

THIS is the great electric *wire;*
Could the mind of humanity ever aspire
To any thing lower, or any-thing higher,
Than a submarine, telegraph cable?



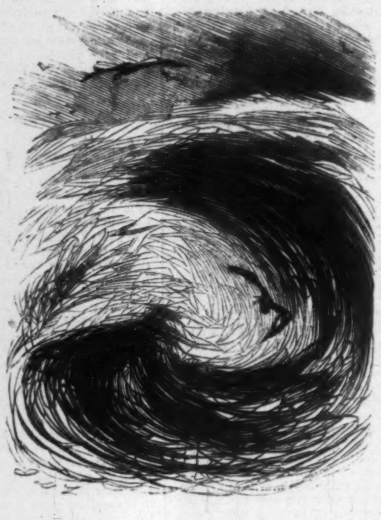
II.

Here is the *poor man* who first projected,
What richer and greater ones quite rejected,
But sharper ones seized, and at last perfected,
The famous Atlantic cable.



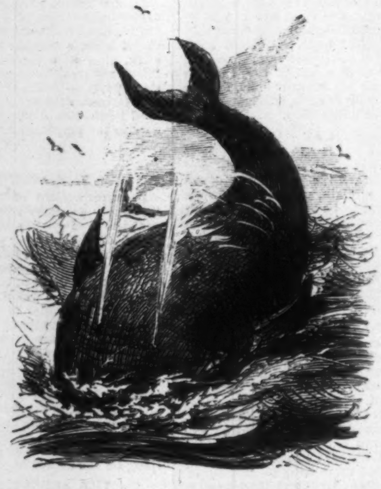
III.

This is the *steamer*, so strong and stout,
That carried the wonderful cable out,
And made such a puffing and smoke about
The famous Atlantic cable.



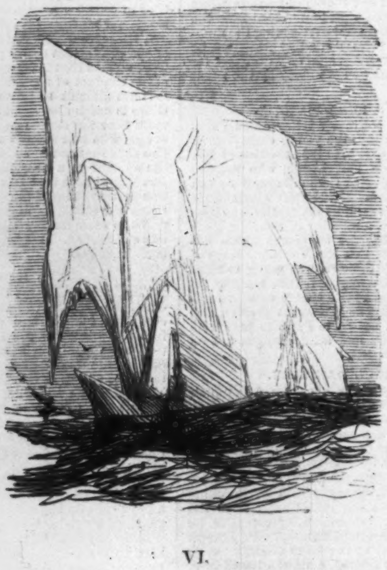
IV.

This is the wild and raging *sea*,
That leaped and roared so angrily,
And seemed exceedingly cross to be
At sight of the ocean cable.



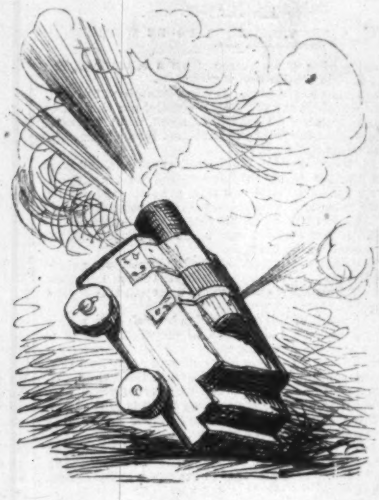
V.

This is the fierce and terrible *whale*,
That spouted torrents and thrashed his tail,
Conspiring with every adverse gale
To destroy the ocean cable.



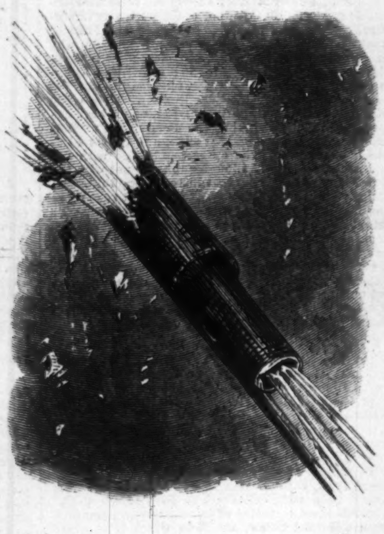
VI.

This is the *iceberg*, towering high,
Whose top disappeared in the misty sky,
Approaching its jagged sides so nigh
As to threaten the ocean cable.



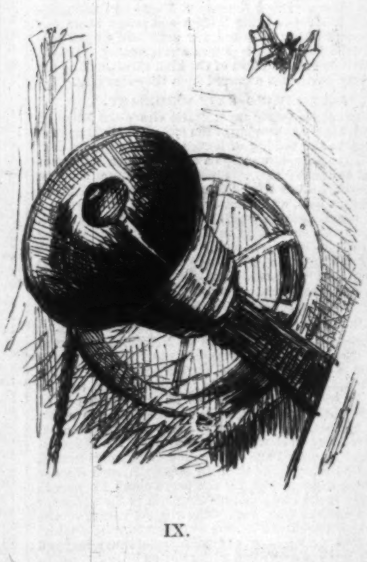
VII.

This is the *cannon* that roared and blazed,
At which the dull codfish were greatly amazed,
And the hopes of the sharks were exceedingly raised,
As it told the success of the cable.



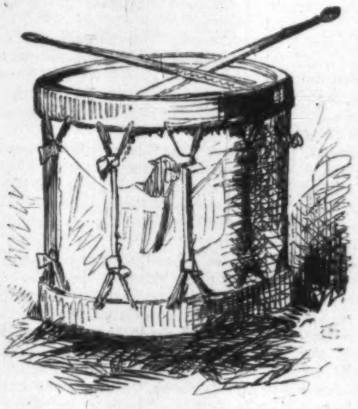
VIII.

This is the *rocket* that soared so high,
Announcing to neighbors remote in the sky
That time and space were as things gone by,
Since the great event of the cable.



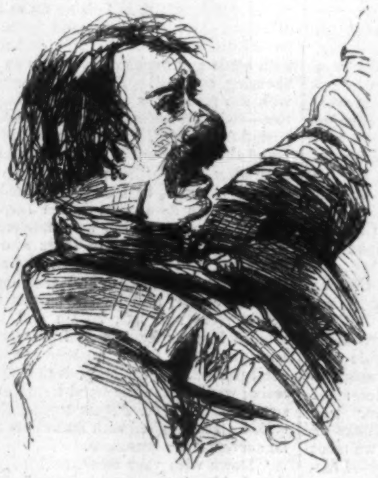
IX.

This is the *bell* whose brazen tongue,
In token of triumph, so madly rung,
Proclaiming aloud, as it swayed and swung,
The success of the ocean cable.



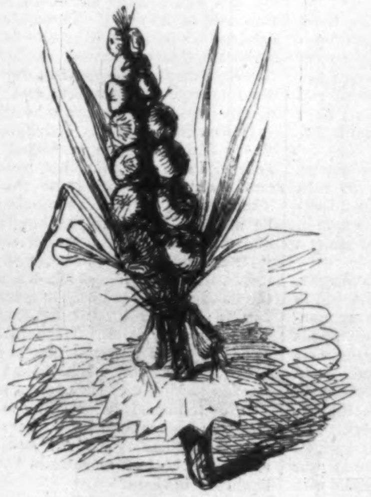
X.

This is the *drum*, so loud and deep,
That waked all the citizens out of their sleep,
To tell them the news, which *it seems wouldn't keep:*
The success of the ocean cable.



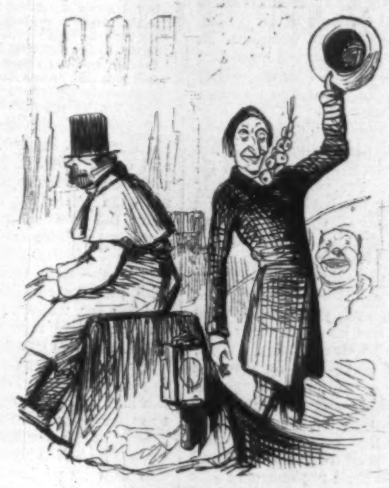
XI.

This is the *man* who gave the oration,
And scattered such compliments over the nation,
And talked of the Union and civilization,
On the text of the ocean cable.



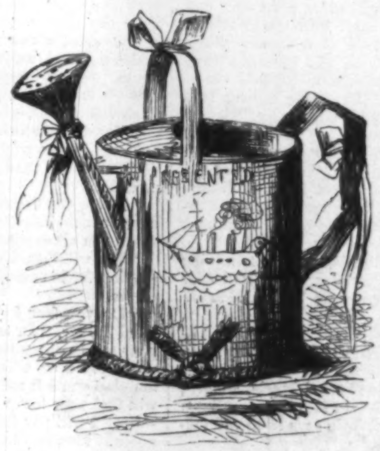
XII.

These are the graceful *bouquets* presented,
So tastefully made and so charmingly scented,
So *appropriate* to those who were thus complimented
On account of the ocean cable.



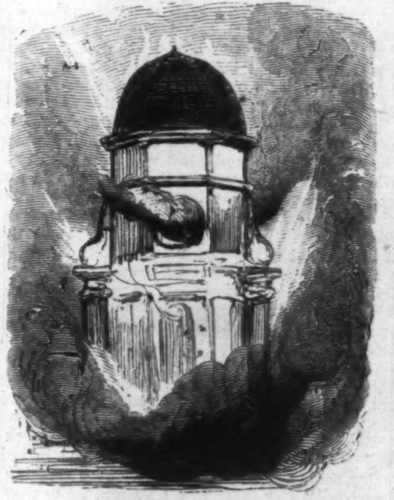
XIII.

This is the splendid triumphal *car*
In which stood the hero distinguished afar,
Like a victor returned from a glorious war,
Having *put down* the mighty cable.



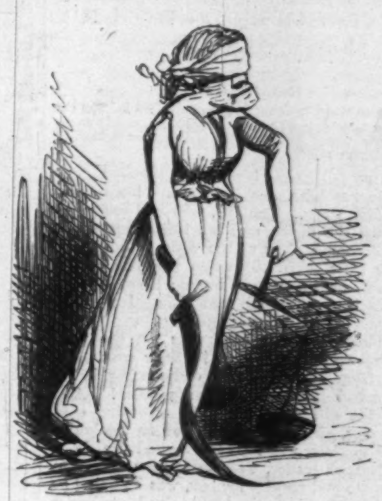
XIV.

This is the elegant *piece of plate*
Presented to one who had honored the State
By the watery glories acquired of late
In the cause of the ocean cable.



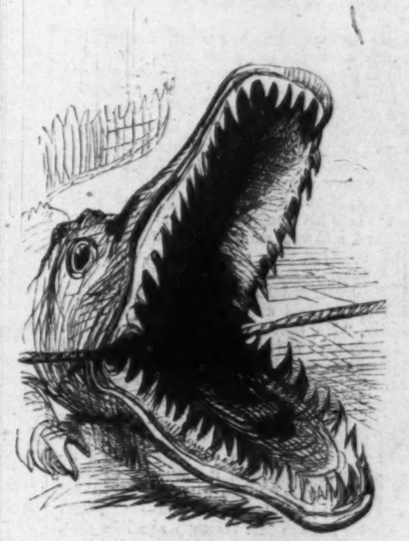
XV.

This is the grand *illumination,*
Got up as a suitable demonstration
(Regardless of cost) by this liberal nation
On account of the ocean cable.



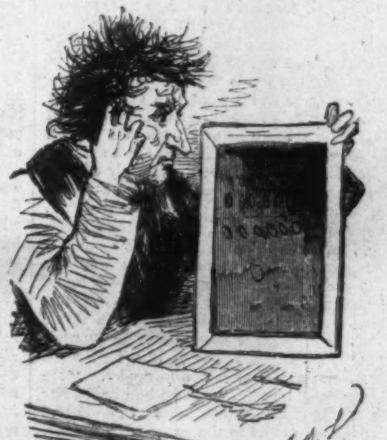
XVI.

Here's poor little *Justice,* who tumbled flat
From the airy position in which she sat,
Feeling sure she had little to do with that
Affair of the ocean cable.



XVII.

This is the ravenous *crocodile,*
Who came to these banks, from the banks of the Nile,
On a fishing excursion, exploring a while,
And snapped off the ocean cable.



XVIII.

This is the *figure* now cut by the nation
On account of that wonderful celebration;
"Sic transit"—you know the quotation—
And the end of the mighty cable.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Gentleman Waife does not forget an old friend. The old friend reconciles Astrology to Prudence, and is under the influence of Benefics. Mr. Hartopp hat in hand to Gentleman Waife.

WAIFE fell on the floor of his threshold, exclaiming, sobbing, moaning, as voice itself gradually died away. The dog, who had been shut out from the house, and remained ears erect, head drooping, close at the door, rushed in as Jasper burst forth. The two listeners at the open easement now stole round; there was the dog, its paw on the old man's shoulder, trying to attract his notice, and whining low.

Tenderly—reverentially, they lift the poor martyr—evermore cleared in their eyes from stain, from question; the dishonoring brand transmuted into the hallowing cross! And when the old man at length recovered consciousness, his head was pillowed on the breast of the spotless, noble preacher; and the decorous English trader, with instinctive deference for repute and respect for law, was kneeling by his side, clasping his hand; and as Waife glanced down, confusedly wondering, Hartopp exclaimed, half sobbing, "Forgive me; you said I should repent if I knew all! I do repent! I do! Forgive me—I shall never forgive myself."

"Have I been dreaming? What is all this? You here, too, Mr. George! But—but there was ANOTHER. Gone! ah—gone—gone! lost, lost! Ha! did you overhear us?"

"We overheard you—at that window! See, spite of yourself, Heaven lets your innocence be known, and in that innocence your sublime self-sacrifice."

"Hush! you will never betray me, either of you—never! A father turn against his son!—horrible!"

Again he seemed on the point of swooning. In a few moments more his mind began evidently to wander somewhat; and just as Merle (who, with his urchin-guide, had wandered vainly over the whole town in search of the peddler, until told that he had been seen in a by-street, stopped and accosted by a tall man in a rough great-coat, and then hurrying off, followed by the stranger)—came back to report his ill success, Hartopp and George had led Whife up stairs into his sleeping-room, laid him down on his bed, and were standing beside him watching his troubled face, and whispering to each other in alarm.

Waife overheard Hartopp proposing to go in search of medical assistance, and exclaimed, piteously, "No, that would scare me to death. No doctors—no eaves-droppers. Leave me to myself—quiet and darkness; I shall be well tomorrow."

George drew the curtains round the bed, and Waife caught him by the arm. "You will not let out what you heard, I know; you understand how little I can now care for men's judgments; but how dreadful it would be to undo all I have done—I to be witness against my Lizzy's child! I—I! I trust you—dear, dear Mr. Morley; make Mr. Hartopp sensible that, if he would not drive me mad, not a syllable of what he heard must go forth—'twould be base in him."

"Nay," said Hartopp, whispering also through the dark—"Don't fear me; I will hold my peace, though 'tis very hard not to tell Williams, at least, that you did not take me in. But you shall be obeyed."

They drew away Merle, who was wondering what the whispered talk was about, catching a word or two here and there, and left the old man not quite to solitude—Waife's hand, in quitting George's grasp, dropped on the dog's head.

Hartopp went back to his daughter's home in a state of great excitement, drinking more wine than usual at dinner, talking more magisterially than he had ever been known to talk, railing quite misanthropically against the world; observing that Williams had become insufferably overbearing, and should be pensioned off: in short, casting the whole family into the greatest perplexity to guess what had come to the mild man. Merle found himself a lodging, and cast a horary scheme as to what would happen to Waife and himself for the next three months, and found all the aspects so perversely contradictory, that he owned he was no wiser as to the future than he was before the scheme was cast. George Morley remained in the Cottage, stealing up, from time to time, to Waife's room, but not fatiguing him with talk. Before midnight the old man slept, but his slumber was much perturbed, as if by fearful dreams. However, he rose early, very weak, but free from fever, and in full possession of his reason. To George's delight, Waife's first words to him then were expressive of a wish to return to Sophy. "He had dreamed," he said, "that he had heard her voice calling out to him to come to her help." He would not revert to the scene with Jasper. George once ventured to touch on that reminiscence, but the old man's look became so imploring that he desisted. Nevertheless, it was evident to the Pastor that Waife's desire of return was induced by his belief that he had become necessary to Sophy's protection. Jasper, whose remorse would probably be very short-lived, had clearly discovered Sophy's residence, and as clearly Waife, and Waife alone, still retained some hold over his rugged breast. Perhaps, too, the old man had no longer the same dread of encountering Jasper; rather, perhaps, a faint hope that, in another meeting, he might more availingly soften his son's heart. He was not only willing, then—he was eager to depart, and either regained or assumed much of his old cheerfulness in settling with his hostess, and parting with Merle, on whom he forced his latest savings, and the tasteful contents of his panier. Then he took aside George, and whispered in his ear, "A very honest, kind-hearted man, Sir; can you deliver him from the Planets!—they bring him into sad trouble. Is there no opening for a cobbler at Humberston?"

George nodded, and went back to Merle, who was wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "My good friend," said the scholar, "do me two favors besides the greater one you have already bestowed in conducting me back to a revered friend. First, let me buy of you the contents of that basket; I have children among whom I would divide them as heir-looms; next, as we were traveling thither, you told me that, in your younger days, ere you took to a craft which does not seem to have prospered, you were brought up to country pursuits, and knew all about cows and sheep, their cure and their maladies. Well, I have a few acres of glebe-land on my own hands, not enough for a bailiff—too much for my gardener—and a pretty cottage, which once belonged to a schoolmaster, but we have built him a larger one; it is now vacant, and at your service. Come and take all trouble of land and stock off my hands; we shall not quarrel about the salary. But, hark-ye, my friend—on one proviso—give up the Crystal, and leave the Stars to mind their own business."

"Please your Reverence," said Merle, who, at the earlier part of the address, had evinced the most grateful emotion, but who, at the proviso which closed it, jerked himself up, dignified and displeased, "Please your Reverence, no! Kit Merle is not so unnatral as to swop away his Significator at Birth for a mess of porritch! There was that forrin chap, Gally-Leo—he stuck to the stars, or the sun, which is the same thing—and the stars stuck by him, and brought him honor and glory, though the Parsons-war dead agin him. He had Malefics in his Ninth House, which belongs to Parsons."

"Can't the matter be compromised, dear Mr. George?" said Waife, persuasively. "Suppose Merle promises to keep his crystal and astrological schemes to himself, or at least only talk of them to you; they can't hurt you, I should think, Sir? And science is a sacred thing, Merle; and the Chaldees, who were the great star-gazers, never degraded themselves by showing off to the vulgar. Mr. George, who is a scholar, will convince you of that fact."

"Content," said George. "So long as Mr. Merle will leave my children and servants, and the parish generally, in happy ignorance of the future, I give him the fullest leave to discuss his science with myself whenever we chat together on summer noons or in winter evenings; and perhaps I may—"

"Be converted?" said Waife, with a twinkling gleam of the playful Humor which had ever sported along his thorny way by the side of Sorrow.

"I did not mean that," said the Parson, smiling; "rather the contrary. What say you, Merle? Is it not a bargain?"

"Sir—God bless you!" cried Merle, simply; "I see you won't let me stand in my own light. And what Gentleman Waife says as to the vulgar, is uncommon true."

This matter settled, and Merle's future secured in a way that his stars, or his version of their language, had not foretold to him, George and Waife walked on to the station, Merle following with the Parson's small carpet-bag, and Sir Isaac charged with Waife's bundle. They had not gone many yards before they met Hartopp, who was indeed on his way to Prospect Row. He was vexed at learning Waife was about to leave so abruptly; he had set his heart on coaxing him to return to Gatesboro' with himself—astounding Williams and Mrs. H., and proclaiming to Market Place and High Street, that, in deeming Mr. Chapman a good and a great man disguised, he, Josiah Hartopp, had not been taken in. He consoled himself a little for Waife's refusal of this kind invitation and unexpected departure, by walking proudly beside him to the station, finding it thronged with passengers—some of them great burgesses of Ouzelford—in whose presence he kept bowing his head to Waife with every word he uttered; and, calling the guard—who was no stranger to his own name and importance—he told him pompously to be particularly attentive to that elderly gentleman, and see that he and his companion had a carriage to themselves all the way, and that Sir Isaac had a particularly comfortable box. "A very great man," he said, with his finger to his lip, "only he will not have it known—just at present." The guard stares, and promises all deference—opens the door of a central first-class carriage—assures Waife that he and his friend shall not be disturbed by other passengers. The train heaves into movement—Hartopp runs on by its side along the stand—his hat off—kissing his hand; then, as the convoy shoots under yon dark tunnel, and is lost to sight, he turns back, and seeing Merle, says to him, "You know that gentleman—the old one?"

"Yes, a many year."

"Ever heard any thing against him?"

"Yes, once—at Gatesboro'."

"At Gatesboro'!—ah! and you did not believe it?"

"Only jist for a moment—transiting."

"I envy you," said Hartopp; and he went off with a sigh.

CHAPTER VII.

Jasper Losely in his Element. O young Reader, whosoever thou art, on whom Nature has bestowed her magnificent gift of physical power with the joys it commands, with the daring that springs from it—on closing this chapter, pause a moment and think—"What wilt thou do with it?" Shall it be brute-like or God-like? With what advantage for life—its delights or its perils—toils borne with ease, and glories cheap bought—dost thou start at life's onset? Give thy sinews a Mind that conceives the Heroic, and what noble things thou mayst do! But value thy sinews for rude Strength alone, and that strength may be turned to thy shame and thy torture. The Wealth of thy life will but tempt to its Waste. Abuse, at first felt not, will poison the uses of Sense. Wild bulls gore and trample their foes. Thou hast SOUL! Wilt thou trample and gore it?

JASPER LOSELY, on quitting his father, spent his last coins in payment for his horse's food, and on fiery drink for himself. In haste he mounted—in haste he spurred on to London; not even pence for the toll-bars. Where he found the gates open, he dashed through them headlong; where closed, as the night advanced, he forced his horse across the fields, over hedge and ditch—more than once the animal falling with him—more than once thrown from the saddle; for, while a most daring, he was not a very practiced rider; but it was not easy to break bones so strong, and though bruised and dizzy he continued his fierce way. At morning his horse was thoroughly exhausted, and at the first village he reached after sunrise he left the poor beast at an inn, and succeeded in borrowing of the landlord £1 on the pawn of the horse thus left as hostage. Resolved to husband this sum he performed the rest of his journey on foot. He reached London at night, and went straight to Cutts's lodging. Cutts was, however, in the club-room of those dark associates against whom Losely had been warned. Oblivious of his solemn promise to Arabella, Jasper startled the revelers as he stalked into the room, and toward the chair of honor at the far end of it, on which he had been accustomed to lord it over the fell groups he had treated out of Poole's purse. One of the biggest and most redoubted of the Black Family was now in that seat of dignity, and, refusing surlily to yield it at Jasper's rude summons, was seized by the scuff of the neck, and literally hurled on the table in front, coming down with clatter and crash among mugs and glasses. Jasper seated himself coolly, while the hubbub began to swell—and roared for drink. An old man, who served as drawer to these cavaliers, went out to obey the order; and when he was gone, those near the door swung across it a heavy bar. Wrath against the domineering intruder was gathering, and waited but the moment to explode. Jasper, turning round his bloodshot eyes, saw Cutts within a few chairs of him, seeking to shrink out of sight.

"Cutts, come hither!" cried he, imperiously. Cutts did not stir.

"Throw me that cur this way—you who sit next him!"

"Don't, don't; his mad fit is on him; he will murder me—murder me, who have helped and saved you all so often. Stand by me!"

"We will," said both his neighbors, the one groping for his case-knife, the other for his revolver.

"Do you fear I should lop your ears, dog!" cried Jasper, "for shrinking from my side with your tail between your legs. Pooh! I scorn to waste force on a thing so small. After all, I am glad you left me; I did not want you. You will find your horse at an inn in the village of ——. I will pay for its hire whenever we meet again. Meanwhile, find another master—I discharge you. *Mille tonnères!* why does that weasel-faced snail not bring me the brandy? By your leave," and he appropriated to himself the brimming glass of his next neighbor. Thus refreshed, he glanced round through the reek of tobacco smoke; saw the man he had dislodged, and who, rather amazed than stunned by his fall, had kept silence on rising, and was now ominously interchanging muttered words with two of his comrades, who were also on their legs. Jasper turned from him contemptuously; with increasing contempt in his hard, fierce sneer, noted the lowering frowns on either side the Pandemonium; and it was only with an angry flash from his eyes that he marked, on closing his survey, the bar dropped across the door, and two forms, knife in hand, stationed at the threshold.

"Aha! my jolly companions," said he, then, "you do right to bar the door. Prudent families can't settle their quarrels too snugly among themselves. I am come here on purpose to give you all a proper scolding; and if some of you don't hang your heads for shame before I have done, you'll die more game than I think for, whenever you come to the last Drop!"

He rose as he thus spoke, folding his sinewy arms across his wide chest. Most of the men had risen too—some, however, remained seated. There might be eighteen or twenty men in all. Every eye was fixed on him, and many a hand was on a deadly weapon.

"Scum of the earth!" burst forth Jasper, with voice like a roll of thunder, "I stooped to come among you—I shared among you my money. Was any one of you too poor to pay up his club fee—to buy a draught of Forgetfulness—I said, 'Brother, take!' Did brawl break out in your jollities—were knives drawn—a throat in danger—this right hand struck down the uproar, crushed back the coward murder. If I did not join in your rogueries, it was because they were sneaking and pitiful. I came as your Patron, not as your Pal; I did not meddle with your secrets—did not touch your plunder. I owed you nothing. Offal that you are! to me you owed drink, and meat, and good-fellowship. I gave you mirth, and I gave you Law; and in return ye laid a plot among you to get rid of me—how, ye white-livered scoundrels? Oho! not by those fists, and knives, and bludgeons. All your pigeon breasts clubbed together had not manhood for that. But to palm off upon me some dastardly deed of your own, by snares and scraps of false evidence—false oaths, too, no doubt—to smuggle me off to the hangman. That was your precious contrivance. Once again I am here; but this once only. What for?—why, to laugh at, and spit at, and spurn you. And if one man among you has in him an ounce of man's blood, let him show me the traitors who planned that pitiful project, and be they a dozen, they shall carry the mark of this hand till their carcasses go to the surgeon's scalpel."

He ceased. Though each was now hustling the other toward him, and the whole pack of miscreants was closing up, like hounds round a wild boar at bay, the only one who gave audible tongue was that thin splinter of life called Cutts!

"Look you, General Jas, it was all a mistake your ever coming here. You were a fine fellow once, particularly in the French way of doing business—large prizes and lots of row. That don't suit us; we are quiet Englishmen. You brag of beating and bullying the gentlemen who admit you among them, and of not sharing their plans or risks; but that sort of thing is quite out of order—no precedent for it. How do we know that you are not a spy, or could not be made one, since you say you owe us nothing, and hold us in such scorn? Truth is, we are all sick of you. You say you only come this once: very well, you have spun your yarn—now go. That's all we want; go in peace, and never trouble us again. Gentlemen, I move that General Jas be expelled this club, and requested to withdraw."

"I second it," said the man whom Jasper had flung on the table.

"Those who are in favor of the resolution hold up their hands; all—carried unanimously. General Jas is expelled."

"Expel me!" said Jasper, who, in the mean while, swaying to and fro his brawny bulk, had cleared the space round him, and stood resting his hands on the heavy arm-chair from which he had risen.

A hostile and simultaneous movement of the group brought four or five of the foremost on him. Up rose the chair on which Jasper had leaned—up it rose in his right hand, and two of the assailants fell as falls an ox to the butcher's blow. With his left hand he wrenched a knife from a third of the foes, and thus armed with blade and buckler, he sprang on the table, towering over all. Before him was the man with the revolver, a genteeler outlaw than the rest—ticket-of-leave man, who had been transported for forgery. "Shall I shoot him?" whispered this knave to Cutts. Cutts drew back the hesitating arm. "No; the noise! bludgeons safer." Pounce, as Cutts whispered—pounce as a hawk on its quarry, darted Jasper's swoop on the Forger, and the next moment, flinging the chair in the faces of those who were now swarming up the table, Jasper was armed with the revolver, which he had clutched from its startled owner, and its six barrels threatened death, right and left, beside and before and around him, as he turned from face to face. Instantly there fell a hush—instantly the assault paused. Every one felt that there no faltering would make the hand tremble or the ball swerve. Wherever Jasper turned the foes recoiled. He laughed with audacious mockery as he surveyed the recreants.

"Down with your arms, each of you—down that knife, down that bludgeon! That's well. Down yours—there; yours—yours. What, all down! Pile them here on the table at my feet. Dogs, what do you fear?—death? The first who refuses dies."

Mute and servile as a repentant Legion to a Cæsar's order, the knaves piled their weapons.

"Unbar the door, you two. You, orator Cutts, go in front; light a candle; open the street-door. So—so—so. Who will treat me with a parting cup—to your healths? Thank you, Sir. Fall back there; stand back—along the wall—each of you. Line my way. Ho, ho!—*you* harm me—*you* daunt me—you—you! Stop—I have a resolution to propose. Hear it, and cheer. 'That this meeting rescinds the resolution for the expulsion of General Jasper, and entreats him humbly to remain, the pride and ornament of the club!' Those who are for that resolution, hold up their hands—as many as are against it, theirs. Carried unanimously. Gentlemen, I thank you—proudest day of my life—but I'll see you hanged first; and till that sight diverts me—gentlemen, your health!"

Descending from his eminence, he passed slowly down the room unscathed, unmenaced, and, with a low mocking bow at the threshold, strode along the passage to the street-door. There, seeing Cutts with the light in his hand, he uncocked the pistol, striking off the caps, and giving it to his quondam associate, said, "Return that to its owner, with my compliments. One word—speak truth, and fear nothing. Did you send help to Darrell?"

"No; I swear it."

"I am sorry for it. I should like to have owed so trusty a friend that one favor. Go back to your pals. Understand now why I scorned to work with such rotten tools."

"A wonderful fellow, indeed!" muttered Cutts, as his eye followed the receding form of the triumphant bravo. "All London might look to itself if he had more solid brains and less liquid fire in them."

CHAPTER VIII.

Jasper Losely sleeps under the portico from which Falsehood was borne by Black Horses. He forgets a promise, reweaves a scheme, visits a river side; and a door closes on the Strong Man and the Grim Woman.

JASPER had satisfied the wild yearnings of his wounded vanity. He had vindicated his claim to hardihood and address, which it seemed to him he had forfeited in his interview with Darrell. With crest erect and a positive sense of elation, of animal joy that predominated over hunger, fatigue, remorse, he strided on—he knew not whither. He would not go back to his former lodgings; they were too familiarly known to the set which he had just flung from him, with a vague resolve to abjure henceforth all accomplices, and trust to himself alone. The hour was now late—the streets deserted—the air bitingly cold. Must he at last resign himself to the loathed dictation of Arabella Crane? Well, he now preferred even that to humbling himself to Darrell, after what had passed. Darrell's parting words had certainly implied that he would not be as obdurate to entreaty as he had shown himself to threats. But Jasper was in no humor to entreat. Mechanically he continued to stride on toward the solitary district in which Arabella held her home; but the night was now so far advanced that he shrunk from disturbing the grim woman at that hour—almost as respectfully afraid of her dark eye and stern voice as the outlaws he had quitted were of his own crushing hand and leveled pistol. So, finding himself in one of the large squares of Bloomsbury, he gathered himself up under the sheltering porch of a spacious mansion, unconscious that it was the very residence which Darrell had once occupied, and that from that portico the Black Horses had borne away the mother of his wife. In a few minutes he was fast asleep—sleeping with such heavy, death-like soundness, that the policeman passing him on his beat, after one or two vain attempts to rouse him, was seized with a rare compassion, and suffered the weary outcast to slumber on.

When Jasper woke at last in the gray dawn, he felt a strange numbness in his limbs; it was even with difficulty that he could lift himself up. This sensation gradually wearing off, was followed by a quick tingling down the arms to the tips of the fingers. A gloomy noise rang in his ears, like the boom of funeral church-bells; and the pavement seemed to be sliding from under him. Little heeding these symptoms, which he ascribed to cold and want of food, and rather agreeably surprised not to feel the gnaw of his accustomed pains, Jasper now betook himself to Podden Place. The house was still unclosed; and it was not till Jasper's knock had been pretty often repeated, that the bolts were withdrawn from the door, and Bridgett Greggs appeared. "Oh, it is you, Mr. Losely," she said, with much sullenness, but with no apparent surprise. "Mistress thought you would come while she was away; and I'm to get you the bedroom you had, over the stationer's, six years ago, if you like it. You are to take your meals here, and have the best of every thing; that's mistress's orders."

"Oh, Mrs. Crane is out of town," said Jasper, much relieved; "where has she gone?"

"I don't know."

"When will she be back?"

"In a few days; so she told me. Will you walk in and have breakfast? Mistress said there was to be always plenty in the house—you might come any moment. Please scrape your feet."

Jasper heavily mounted into the drawing-room, and impatiently waited the substantial refreshments which were soon placed before him. The room looked unaltered, as if he had left it but the day before—the prim book-shelves—the empty bird-cage—the broken lute—the patent easy-chair—the footstool—the sofa, which had been added to the original furniture for his express comfort, in the days when he was first adopted as a son—nay, on the hearth-rug the very slippers, on the back of the chair the very dressing-gown, graciously worn by him while yet the fairness of his form justified his fond respect for it.

For that day he was contented with the negative luxury of complete repose; the more so as, in every attempt to move, he felt the same numbness of limb as that with which he had woke, accompanied by a kind of painful weight at the back of the head, and at the junction which the great seat of intelligence forms at the spine with the great mainspring of force; and, withal, a reluctance to stir, and a more than usual inclination to doze. But the next day, though these unpleasant sensations continued, his impatience of thought and hate of solitude made him anxious to go forth and seek some distraction. No distraction left to him but the gambling-table—no companions but fellow-victims in that sucking whirlpool. Well, he knew a low gaming-house, open all day as all night. Wishing to add somewhat to the miserable remains of the £1 borrowed on the horse, that made all his capital, he asked Bridgett, indifferently, to oblige him with two or three sovereigns; if she had them not, she might borrow them in the neighborhood till her mistress returned. Bridgett answered, with ill-simulated glee, that her mistress had given positive orders that Mr. Losely was to have every thing he called for except—money. Jasper colored with wrath and shame; but he said no more—whistled—took his hat—went out—repaired to the gaming-house—lost his last shilling, and returned moodily to dine in Podden Place. The austerity of the room, the loneliness of the evening, began now to inspire him with unmitigated disgust, which was added in fresh account to his old score of repugnance for the absent Arabella. The affront put upon him in the orders which Bridgett had so faithfully repeated, made him yet more distastefully contemplate the dire necessity of falling under the rigid despotism of this determined guardian: it was like going back to a preparatory school, to be mulcted of pocket-money, and set in a dark corner! But what other resource? None but appeal to Darrell—still more intolerable; except—he paused in his cogitation, shook his head, muttered "No, no." But that "except" *would* return! Except to forget his father's prayer and his own promise—except to hunt out Sophy, and extract from the generosity, compassion, or fear of her protectress, some such conditions as he would have wrung from Darrell. He had no doubt now that the girl was with Lady Montfort; he felt that, if she really loved Sophy, and were sheltering her from any tender recollection, whether of Matilda or of Darrell himself, he might much more easily work on the delicate nerves of a woman, shrinking from all noise and scandal, than he could on the stubborn pride of his resolute father-in-law. Perhaps it was on account of Sophy—perhaps to plead for her—that Lady Montfort had gone to Fawley; perhaps the grief visible on that lady's countenance, as he caught so hasty a glimpse of it, might be occasioned by the failure of her mission. If so, there might be now some breach or dissension between her and Darrell, which might render the Marchioness still more accessible to his demands. As for his father—if Jasper played his cards well and luckily, his father might never know of his disobedience; he might coax or frighten Lady Montfort into secrecy. It might be quite unnecessary for him even to see Sophy; if she caught sight of him, she would surely no more recognize his altered features than Rugge had done. These thoughts gathered on him stronger and stronger all the evening, and grew into resolves with the next morning. He sallied out after breakfast—the same numbness; but he walked it off. Easy enough to find the address of the Marchioness of Montfort. He asked it boldly of the porter at the well-known house of the present Lord, and, on learning it, proceeded at once to Richmond—on foot, and thence to the small, scattered hamlet immediately contiguous to Lady Montfort's villa. Here he found two or three idle boatmen lounging near the river side; and entering into conversation with them about their craft, which was sufficiently familiar to him, for he had plied the strongest oar on that tide in the holidays of his youth, he proceeded to inquiries, which were readily and unsuspectingly answered. "Yes, there *was* a young lady with Lady Montfort; they did not know her name. They had seen her often in the lawn—seen her, too, at church. She was very pretty; yes, she had blue eyes and fair hair." Of his father he only heard that "there had been an old gentleman such as he described—lame, and with one eye—who had lived some months ago in a cottage on Lady Montfort's grounds. They heard he had gone away. He had made baskets—they did not know if for sale; if so, perhaps for a charity. They supposed he was a gentleman, for they had heard he was some relation to the young lady. But Lady Montfort's head coachman lived in the village, and could, no doubt, give him all the information he required." Jasper was too wary to call on the coachman; he had learned enough for the present. Had he prosecuted his researches farther, he might only have exposed himself to questions, and to the chance of his inquiries being repeated to Lady Montfort by one of her servants, and thus setting her on her guard; for no doubt his father had cautioned her against him. It never occurred to him that the old man could already have returned; and those to whom he confined his interrogatories were quite ignorant of that fact. Jasper had no intention to intrude himself that day on Lady Montfort. His self-love shrank from presenting himself to a lady of such rank, and to whom he had been once presented on equal terms, as the bridegroom of her friend and the confidential visitor to her mother, in habiliments that bespoke so utter a fall. Better, too, on all accounts, to appear something of a gentleman; more likely to excite pity for suffering—less likely to suggest excuse for rebutting his claims, and showing him to the door. Nay, indeed, so dressed, in that villainous pea-jacket, and with all other habiliments to match, would any servant admit him?—could he get into Lady Montfort's presence? He must go back—wait for Mrs. Crane's return. Doubtless she would hail his wish—half a reform in itself—to cast off the outward signs of an accepted degradation.

Accordingly he went back to town in much better spirits, and so absorbed in his hopes, that, when he arrived at Podden Place, he did not observe that, from some obliquity of vision, or want of the normal correspondence between will and muscle, his hand twice missed the knocker—wandering first above, then below it; and that, when actually in his clasp, he did not feel the solid iron: the sense of touch seemed suspended. Bridgett appeared. "Mistress is come back, and will see you."

Jasper did not look charmed; he winced, but screwed up his courage, and mounted the stairs—slowly—heavily. From the landing-place above glared down the dark shining eyes that had almost quailed his bold spirit nearly six years before; and almost in the same words as then, a voice as exulting, but less stern, said, "So you come at last to me, Jasper Losely—you are come!" Rapidly—flittingly, with a step noiseless as a spectre's, Arabella Crane descended the stairs; but she did not, as when he first sought that house in years before, grasp his hand or gaze into his face. Rather, it was with a shrinking avoidance of his touch—with something like a shudder—that she glided by him into the open drawing-room, beckoning to him to follow. He halted a moment; he felt a longing to retreat—to fly the house; his superstitious awe of her very benefits came back to him more strongly than ever. But her help at the moment was necessary to his very hope to escape all future need of her, and, though with a vague foreboding of unconjecturable evil, he stepped into the room, and the door closed on both.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

IT is many years since the events which called the accompanying papers into life transpired. Why they are now published by my own consent is one of those unexplainable points which occur in all our lives, and can be traced to no other source than a morbid desire to excite the sympathies of others to our own mental and physical distresses.

From the care with which these papers are drawn, both by my uncle, and by Mr. Withington, my uncle's attorney and friend, I imagined it was his intention to publish them during his lifetime, but perhaps lacked courage to do so. My uncle has now been dead some years, and I believe I am doing nothing but his will in giving them to the printer. DUDLEY WELLS.

I have just been looking in my glass. A compliment paid me by my housekeeper has awakened my attention to the fact that I am not growing old as fast as I ought. Fifty-seven is an age at which the marks of time should show, and yet my hair is not drawn with a single line of silver, or my face furrowed with those inevitable wrinkles which should follow fast upon forty. I am not smooth and sleek as a youngster of twenty, but the glass tells me I bear my age well, especially well, when it is considered that my life, so far, has been one of wandering and exposure, coupled with mental distress of no ordinary kind. I am again in my native city, New York, after an absence of thirty years; I was about to say my home, but it is now no home to me. Time has wiped away all the localities I once knew, or has so blunted my memory that I recognize them no longer; where once stood open fields upon which I played as a boy, now spring rows and groups of marble palaces; the dirty streets of the business localities have given way to lines of magnificent stores, filled to overflowing with the wealth of the world. And the people, where are they? Of all the hundreds who were my *dear* and *particular* friends but thirty years since, not one familiar face can I find upon Broadway, though many a name with which I was once familiar comes to my ear or my eye. It was so I recognized Mark Withington, now the wealthy and successful lawyer, who thirty years ago swept my little seven-by-nine office in Dey Street. Mark was reading the paper and sipping his wine in the club-room when I heard his name mentioned. I remembered him as a boy, and I knew he was honest. An honest lawyer was what I wanted. I sought an introduction; but Mark never would have recognized in General G. Dudley Wells, of the Brazilian Army, his old master George D. Wells, the quondam lawyer of Dey Street. I sincerely enjoyed his astonishment when, after a short time, I announced myself under my true colors.

Four years upon the coast of Africa, from Sierra Leone to San Felipe, would, I fancy, alter any man's personal; to say nothing of five years' indiscriminate knocking about the world, and twenty years in the service of his Majesty the Emperor of the Brazils. I am told that I even speak my native tongue with a strong foreign tinge. I said that I wished to find an honest lawyer, and I employed Mark Withington with this view. That I may show the necessity, I must retrograde thirty years in my life.

The sole member of my family left to me on reaching my majority was my brother Alfred. By nearly seven years Alfred was my elder. How I loved him, and entwined about my heart all the wealth of affection I would have bestowed on father, mother, and sisters, had they been spared to have received it, only those can tell who had loved as I. Sure am I that Alfred loved me as I did him. For twenty years since first my memory served me as boy and man, we had never known harsh or unhappy word. No frown passed between us. We were as inseparable in thought and sympathy as we were in person. We never went alone. In our walks we were seen together, in our business one. It would have been folly for any of our party-giving friends to have invited the one without the other. Such a proceeding was unknown in our experience, and would have been simply treated as an impertinence. We were known under the sobriquet of the "Shadows;" and many an old citizen who will let his memory slip back to that period will testify that very few in New York but knew the two who, dressing alike, walking alike, and talking alike, were known to those who did not know their names by the above title. We both loved Carrie Mansfield. I have been hesitating for a long time how I should bring out this declaration. My story is untold without it, and still the telling is like wringing memories from the dead, bringing back, in all their ghostly horror, that which time had buried by heaping handfuls of ashes on the grave.

Carrie Mansfield was an only child. Dark and fiery in her nature as she was in her person, scarce a day passed with my brother or myself that some petty cause of irritation did not arise, making her black eyes to flash forth their fires in anger, until, as often we declared to each other on leaving her when the storm was over, that we would never see Carrie Mansfield again, or peril our happiness by embarking with her what would surely be a wreck. As often as this pledge was made so often was it broken, and the first germ sown which afterward gave forth the crop that severed my brother and myself for a life. The first deception my brother Alfred ever placed upon my love came from our mutual passion for Carrie Mansfield. It was not the deception of words—not the sin of commission, but the sin of omission. It was then I first knew that my brother had some business or place of visitation of which I was not the sharer. It took but a short time to discover, without any effort on my part, that the hours snatched from my side were bestowed on Carrie Mansfield. The pang of this discovery will remain with me forever. Oh that curse of jealousy! I was jealous of my brother, not that he loved her, but that he should love any one sufficiently to deceive me. I was not jealous of her, that she loved him better than me. If it were so I could have surrendered her without a word, but that she should have won my brother from me—that she should have been the cause of his first deceit, almost I hated Carrie Mansfield.

How I struggled with this discovery for months—how I watched my brother! How, with my heart bursting, I sought every little chance to win him back! How, with a burning passion, I still avoided Carrie Mansfield as though her presence were death to me! And then when I saw, by his haggard face and sunken eye, that all this weary battle was breaking the life of my brother, I cast myself on my knees before him and plead to him, by the memory of our dead mother, by the sacredness of friendship, to tear away the bond that held him to this unhappy girl, and be once more Alfred—my brother. He listened to me with a stolid look, and as I rose to throw myself in his arms he repulsed me with a push and a muttered exclamation of "Fool!" From that day we never spoke again. It was but a few weeks after that I heard it was my brother's intention to leave soon for Europe, there to spend the remainder of his life. I heard this from strangers. I saw my brother but seldom now. He came to the office, but only at such hours as I was known to be absent. We never met at the places to which we formerly went together. I avoided them—I avoided my brother. He had done me great wrong; I could not forgive it. It must be for him to bend, and then I would throw myself upon his neck and tell him all the agony I had suffered from that wrong. So time went on; and it was announced to me that a certain ship which sailed within a week would take my brother to a foreign land, never to return. The wretchedness of that week I shall never forget. It was the third day before the sailing of the ship, and my brother had made no offer of reconciliation.

Then my pride would have given way had I been sure my advances would not have been again repulsed. Oh! I could not bear this. Did he wish to speak to me, or would he prefer that we should part in this unnatural manner? What dreadful mystery was behind all this?

I had finished business for the day—such business as I was now able, from my distracted attention, to execute—and was passing slowly up toward Broadway, when I saw my brother coming down. In a moment he saw me, and crossed the street, as I could plainly see, to avoid me. He was going to the office. I would return and speak to him. I would not part with my brother so. I watched him as he recrossed the street and passed up into the building; and then I turned and walked back to the door. I stopped a moment. I walked down the street and around the square, that I might collect myself and think what I should say to my brother. As though my heart did not prompt me sufficiently! And then with confidence I went up stairs. I had my hand on the door-knob, when I heard voices within in high altercation: my brother's, and—great Heaven! could it be? Yes!—Carrie Mansfield. I did not wish to listen, but I was transfixed. I heard him say,

"You are a fiend!"

"And if I am, who made me so but yourself? You have drawn me on in the web of deceit until you are my master."

"If I have been your master, I am so no longer. I absolve you from your servitude—I give you the liberty which you have so long wished. Give me mine as well."

"You shall not leave me! I will follow you over the earth!"

"Shall not!" And he laughed and, as I could plainly hear, struck his clenched fist upon the desk.

And then I could hear her speak again. This time it was in a pleading voice.

"Oh! Alfred, think what you do. I am wayward—I am wrong—but I love you; let that love plead my excuse. Think what sacrifices I have made for you; and do not leave me."

Sacrifices! What did she mean? How my heart throbbed! Ah! why did I not leave that wretched threshold? Why did I stay?

My brother's voice again, in a low tone. His words I did not hear at first. When I could distinguish, he said,

"This is enough, Carrie; let it be final. I will not destroy your peace and mine forever. All that has passed between us is a secret locked only in our own bosoms; so let it remain. I shall seek a new life in a distant land—you, one who can make you happy in this. I am not he."

There was a deathly stillness for a few moments, and I walked from the door to the head of the stairs. I had no power to go farther; and I heard a stifled shriek, and the single word, "Wretch!" Then came a fall. I sprang to the door; but before my hand had reached the knob my brother opened it quickly. He said, hoarsely, as he passed me,

"Take care of her."

I hastened into the room. Miss Mansfield lay upon the floor. It was only the work of a moment to raise her into a chair. My shouts—for I cared not for exposure—soon brought assistance. A carriage was procured; and I carried her in my arms down stairs, and placed her in it. On the way to her home she partially recovered, and I could distinctly hear her say,

"He did not strike me; it was my own violence!"

I was glad—yes, I was glad that my brother had not so forgotten himself as to strike her. I left her in her mother's arms without explanation, and drove hurriedly away. That evening, and the next day, and the next, I sent to know how Miss Mansfield was. She was well.

And now came the day that my brother was to sail. I came early to the office. I would not believe but that Alfred would at the last moment fly to me, or extend some invitation for me to come to him. I sent away the boy that we might be alone when we met; I choked down my fears, but I burned with an agony of fever; I paced the floor. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock passed; the ship sailed at twelve. Yes, from the foot of that very street—in one hour! Shall I ever forget the concentrated death of that hour?

Twelve! and the boom of the gun from the de-parting ship came to my ear with the clang of the bells that announced the hour. O God! my brother. Then I would have flown to him through every obstacle; then it was too late. My head fell upon my desk in deathly sickness, and a gush of tears for hours told me more than I had known till that time. I went into the street as one who had lost all. Had a pestilence struck the city it could not have seemed to me more deserted. I hurried to my home, though I had not seen my brother there for many days; yet the knowledge that he was under the same roof satisfied me—now he was there no longer.

As I entered the old housekeeper advanced to to me with a grave face. A letter! who from?

A letter from my brother. O Heaven! it was written at ten o'clock. The messenger had just returned, stating he could not find the office. It was well that he did not personally return it to me; I would certainly have killed him. It read:

> "Brother, I am wrong. Come to me—come to the ship!—Forget all. ALFRED ——."

Thirty-five years have passed since that day, but the agony of it is on me yet. It was too late; no one knew where my brother had gone; I could not write; his destination after reaching London was unknown. I must only wait, and hope that time would reveal it.

Days passed; and I had partially calmed back into my business routine, when I one day received a note from Miss Mansfield. She wished to see me. I hesitated, but yielded. That evening I spent at her house—the first time I had been there for a year, save only when I gave her into the arms of her mother from the carriage. She cried bitterly at our meeting—they were true tears. She loved my brother; she confessed it with broken sobs. She knew she had lost him by her own violence and temper. It had taught her a bitter lesson; but it should be a well-heeded one. I thought my heart was dead to Carrie Mansfield, but before that evening had passed I knew I was wrong. I loved her still; but—she should never know it.

Months passed away. I had grown to be a recluse from all society. I could not go among my old friends without hearing them talk of my brother, and I hated to hear any one talk of him but Carrie. I went nowhere but to her house. I could not avoid it. Many and many a time had I felt the spell that was wound about me, and as often I persuaded myself of my ability to resist. At last the time came; and, one year after my brother's departure, I offered myself to Carrie Mansfield and was accepted. We were married.

I will draw a vail over the next five years of my life. It seems like one long dark dream. Thank God, we had no children born of our hate! That five years brought me from independence to poverty; from liberty to slavery; from honor to degradation. And then she left me. Left me in sickness and in disgrace, and went forth to live a life of shame and sin; to traffic in the beauty that commended her for the moment, but cursed her for all time! I never saw her again. It was well it was so. But long years afterward, while upon the coast of Africa, I had letters from home, one of which, from undoubted authority, informed me that she had been stabbed in the street at New Orleans. Her murderer had never been discovered, but was supposed to have been one of the desperate men who had been her only society in that city. From my brother I have never heard since until my return to New York, where I hear he has been seen several times within the past ten years, but so altered with poverty that he was only recognized by his name.

It was for this I wanted the services of Mark Withington. I must discover my brother, if he be alive on the face of this earth. I must be reconciled to him; and, if he be poor, I must share with him the wealth I have so easily gained.

My name is Mark Withington. I am an Attorney at Law. My office is at No. 18 Pine Street, up stairs; where I shall be happy to transact any business in my line with dispatch, trusting to give satisfaction. General George D. Wells, late of the Brazilian service, my respected client, has placed in my hands the foregoing manuscript, which he has requested me to fill out and finish, charging for the same professionally, but at the same time divesting it as much as possible of legal forms, and making it as interesting in a literary way as possible. I have stated to the General that I am not a literary man; but, nevertheless, as it is his belief that I can execute his bequest, I have therefore only to obey.

When the task of finding the General's long-lost brother was first placed in my hands it promised very little hope. Those who had reported having seen him within the last few years scarcely remembered the fact. To account for this it must be considered that Mr. Alfred Wells was supposed to be poor; in fact, showed this circumstance strongly by his appearance: therefore none of the witnesses sought conversation with him. No clew, therefore, could be obtained to his past or present place of residence. He had not been seen for two years. This was to me a convincing proof of his change of residence to some other city. Under this belief I applied myself to that mighty engine the press, and an advertisement in the New York *Herald* announced that any information of Mr. Alfred Wells would be handsomely rewarded, on application to Mark Withington, Attorney at Law, etc., etc. Some weeks had passed away when a letter, written in a woman's hand, and posted at Baltimore, cautiously asked what was wanted of Mr. Alfred Wells; with a request that I would answer, directing to Martha Jones, Baltimore, Maryland. Here was a clew. Instead of immediately answering this letter I wrote to Martha Jones, stating the simple truth, which you, no doubt, say is almost an impossibility for a lawyer, but which, in this case, served my purpose best; and leaving it with my clerk to be posted the day after my departure, I hastened away for Baltimore. A few hours in advance of the mail, and a letter of introduction to the postmaster, soon settled all that. Mrs. or Miss Martha Jones, when she called or sent for the letter, would be followed, her identity established, after which I would call on her or him personally.

Next day I received a note from the postmaster. The letter had been called for by a tall, handsome, dark-eyed woman of about twenty-eight, who had been followed till she had found her way into a respectable house in a distant part of the city. A carriage, and the lapse of an hour, found me waiting in the parlor of that house while my card was carried to its mistress, who soon entered the room.

"Mrs. Jones, I presume," I said, as she entered. She turned very pale, but in a moment recovered herself, and answered,

"That is not my name."

I did not believe it was. I was sure that so stately and aristocratic a beauty must have a better name than Jones. I said something about a letter; what it was I do not exactly remember: I was rather overawed by her great, dark eyes.

"I have been followed, it seems," resumed the lady. "And to you, Sir, I suppose, I may look for the cause. You are," she said, "Mr. Withington"—and she looked again at the card she held in her hand—"a lawyer?"

I must confess I felt excessively mean as I acknowledged the fact. I was never before ashamed of my profession; but in a few minutes I summoned sufficient courage to go into a statement of the matter, and show why I did not wish to trust the chance of my correspondent writing again; and I concluded by saying, "And now, Madam, will you permit me to ask your name?"

"My name is Wells."

"Wells!" I said, in astonishment. Here was a new phase in the mystery. Had Mr. Alfred Wells, in his age and poverty, provided himself with this beautiful creature as a wife, or could she be his daughter?

"Wells!" I repeated to myself in my astonishment, as though I never had heard the name before. The lady smiled, as I suppose, at the expression undoubtedly which my countenance wore, if it was any index of what was passing within.

"Will you permit me to understand this matter, Madam?" I said; but before I could proceed the lady interrupted me.

"I will permit you to ask no farther questions, Sir, without the presence of my husband."

Her husband! That was the very thing I wanted; and so I told her. She left the room; and as I was watching the door, expecting to see her lead Mr. Alfred Wells forth as the representative of that title, she re-entered, handing in a tall, dark man of about thirty-five, whom she introduced as her husband. I gazed at the gentleman, as I suppose, with a foolish stare, and stammered out:

"I believe there must be some mistake here. I am seeking for Mr. Alfred Wells, formerly of New York City, and—"

"He is my uncle."

Uncle! Why the man might have knocked me down with a feather. Uncle!

"Mr. Alfred Wells is my uncle; but I am not permitted to state where he can be found until I am informed for what purpose the inquiry is made, and by whom."

I could only repeat "Uncle" and—

"Who was your father?" I asked, abruptly.

"My father was George Wells, who died abroad many years ago."

Whew! Here was indeed a new position for the matter, or, to use a somewhat illegal phrase, "A horse of another color." My client, the General, had never informed me of this. In fact, I distinctly understood him to say that he never had any children.

"Did I understand you that you were a son of Mr. George Dudley Wells, the only brother of Mr. Alfred Wells, late of New York city?"

"I am."

Whew! again, and I drew a long breath. My legal education was at fault in this matter. I did not dare to tread another step without consultation with my principal. It took but a few minutes to elicit the fact that Mr. Dudley Wells, the gentleman who now stood before me, was fully cognizant of the whereabouts of Mr. Alfred Wells; but the consent of the old gentleman must be procured to an interview, which could only be done by a full statement of all the matter. I left Mr. Dudley Wells and the dark-eyed wife, promising to see them again soon, and promising also full explanation and satisfaction, and in a couple of hours was hastening on my way back to New York.

It required but a few minutes of conversation with my respected client, General Wells, to convince me that there was something more to be unraveled in this case than the mere residence of Mr. Alfred Wells. The General confirmed my previous understanding that he had never had a child, and that Mr. Dudley Wells and his dark-eyed wife were impostors.

That night again we were on our way to Baltimore, and the following day saw us awaiting the appearance of Mr. Dudley Wells in the parlor of his own house. I could see the eyes of my client open as this handsome couple entered the room. They certainly looked like any thing but impostors. I did not introduce the General, as I knew that he would not permit me to introduce him by any feigned name, and the declaration of his own would at once bring about an explosion. I spoke of him as one who sought Mr. Alfred Wells that he might make restitution for some business failings of years past.

"My uncle," said Mr. Dudley Wells, "is unable to see any one on business. He is ill, very ill, he says—too ill to be seen; but I will transact any business for him."

I asked him if he held a power of attorney for that purpose.

He did. I asked that I might see the document. He opened a desk and brought it forth. I looked at the signature and the seals. It looked all right. It was dated the previous day. Mr. Alfred was therefore in Baltimore; most likely in that very house. I handed the paper to the General.

"This is indeed his signature," he said. "I would recognize it in a moment, though I have not seen my brother's hand for thirty odd years."

"Your brother's hand," gasped out Mr. Dudley. The cat was out of the bag now, sure enough. "Then you are my father!" and he stepped hurriedly toward the General.

"I am George Dudley Wells, but I am not your father."

"Not my father? Are you not the brother of Mr. Alfred Wells, my uncle? Are you not my father, whom I have supposed dead for twenty-five years?"

"I am the brother of the signer of this paper, but you are not my child. Thank God, I never had a child."

"What is this, uncle, what does this mean?" and Mr. Dudley Wells, but half-restrained by his wife, hastened toward a door standing partially open. "Follow me," he said.

We followed him through a passage, and were suddenly ushered into a partially-darkened room. It was a moment or two before my eyes became accustomed to its tone. When they did, I saw the General kneeling before a pale and ghastly man, who, wrapped in a blanket, was propped by pillows in a large chair. The General, that stately man, was kissing the hand of the invalid, who only stared vacantly on him, as he sobbed out the word "Brother." It was a strange scene. Even Mr. Dudley forgot, for the moment, the cause of his excitement, and the reason of his sudden entrance into the presence of the General's brother.

The old man (I must so call him; he looked thirty years the senior of the General. His hair was white, his teeth were gone, and all the marks of a man of eighty were on him) looked wildly about the room, fixed his hollow eye first on Mr. Dudley, then on myself, and lastly on his brother, whom he only then seemed to recognize. He laid his hand on his head, brushed back the hair, and looking steadily in his face some minutes, said, "Yes; yes. My brother George, my dear brother. So you have come back. They said you were dead; but I knew you would not die without seeing me."

The General clasped the hand of his brother to his breast. He was crying; I could hear his sobs distinctly. Had it not been so very unprofessional, I could have done something very like it myself.

"Ah! it is very long ago; I have done very wrong, brother, but oh! dreadfully have I been punished; but you must love him for my sake, not for hers, and forgive my deceit."

What was this? Love who, for his sake, not for hers? What did he mean?

"Kneel to him, Dudley; kneel, and ask his forgiveness."

The General had risen from his knees and dropped his brother's hand. Did he have an instinctive idea of what was coming? Mr. Dudley had advanced to the chair of the old man.

"What do you mean, uncle? speak; explain."

"Not uncle, boy. This day I must tell the truth. Father. I am your father, Dudley; I have deceived you. Brother, he is her child. Forgive him for my sake. Oh, George, forgive me, your brother; I did not know the end!"

It was all told. The General stood motionless, staring fixedly at his brother; his lips were bloodless, the color had gone out of his face, and that grayness which comes only once in a lifetime sat upon him. In that moment ten years of age were heaped upon him. I saw it plainly. Mr. Dudley bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud. The beautiful wife laid her hot face to his hands, and whispered comfort. I alone stood the spectator of this, and tried to persuade myself that I held no interest save a professional one. The old man is speaking.

"Listen to me, brother. Nothing that I can say will atone for this great sin. I am passing away; in a few short days I shall be of the things that were. The Lord receive my soul! I was wrong, but oh! what can man do under the mastery of a wicked woman. I loved her, I adored her, but I lived to hate her, to fear her. She fell; but she fell as much by her own passion as by my act. Oh! believe me, brother, it was so. When that boy was born I took him at his birth and persuaded her that he was dead. The secret was known only to ourselves and to the old nurse who had been her confidant from a child. She made me hate her, and I deserted her. From that moment I never knew peace. The world had no place of refuge for me. Weary year after year I beat about upon its breast, and then at last I came back. It was only then that I knew you had married her, had lived with her, and that she had left you, to lead a life of shame. Oh! the horror of that discovery! The mad frenzy of hate I garnered for that woman! I swore to pursue her if she were upon the face of the earth, and to avenge our wrong as far as her miserable life would answer it. And I passed on my errand of blood. I sought through every city in the land, but found her not. In despair I was about giving up the task, and offering my own life as a substitute—for you—for the love of my brother. And then I walked the street one rainy night, in New Orleans, in the midst of the fever-season. She came to me—close to me; she puffed her liquor-tainted breath in my face—she laid her hand on my arm. She did not know me, the vile reptile! I called her name; she had only time to utter one shriek, and I killed her—struck through her corrupted heart, and then I spurned her with my foot. Since that night I think I have been happier. I killed her—she deserved to die—and I am happier; yes, I am happier."

I can not see that the ends of this recital can be gained any better by dwelling on the after-part of this dreadful scene. Mr. Alfred Wells died upon the third day. He had been for a long time dying—so his physician said—and the coming of his brother only hastened the end. The General has grown frightfully old within the year since these events transpired. Mr. Dudley Wells and his beautiful wife, and their still more beautiful children, are portions of my worthy client's household; and only a few weeks since I had the pleasure of drawing a will entirely in their favor. I had no idea the General was so rich, and I am sure I heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Wells on their good fortune. I am sure they deserve it. The General is a very delightful man. No time is spent so pleasantly with me as the quiet dinners we take together at Dudley Place. The past, as relates to the family, is the only interdicted subject.

Your obedient servant,
MARK WITHINGTON, *Attorney at Law.*

THE LATE EXPLOSION ON THE NORTH RIVER.

THE engraving on next page represents the explosion of the propeller *Petrel*, which took place opposite the foot of Jay Street, New York, on the 6th instant. The *Petrel* was quietly steaming up the river; in passing the *Broadway*, which vessel was lying at her wharf, the engineer came on deck and saluted her; he was still waving his handkerchief when the explosion took place. The scene that ensued is described as being most terrible. The propeller was blown to pieces, and all who were on board were killed, with the exception of the fireman, Downey. The body of the engineer, Henry Brink, was blown fully one hundred feet into the air, and, in its descent, fell upon the promenade-deck of the steamer *Broadway*, crushing in the deck with its weight, and forcing its way through to the saloon below. The body of the unfortunate man was mangled in the most shocking manner; one of his legs was entirely blown off, while his entrails protruded to the length of several feet.

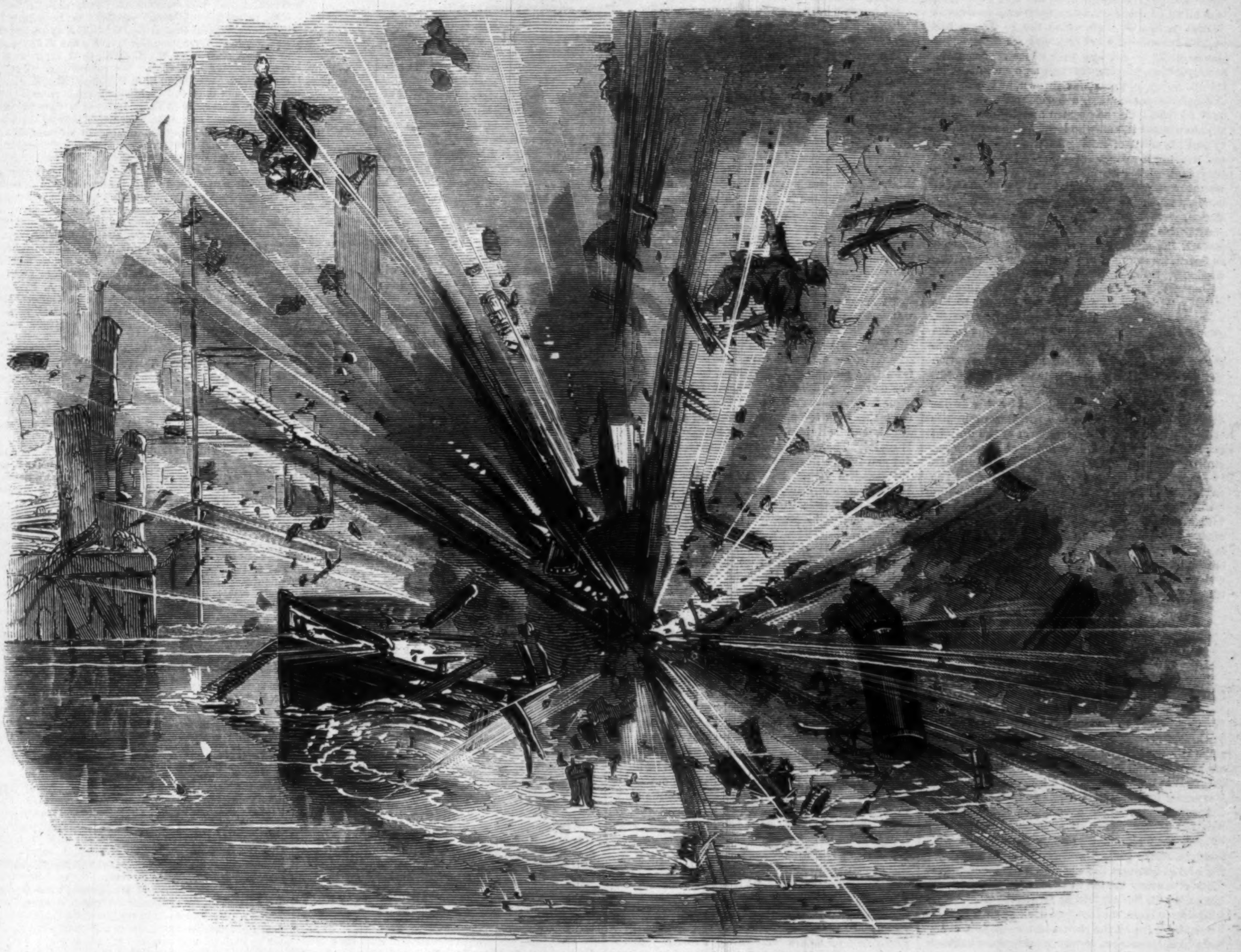
Mr. Lawrence, the clerk of the *Broadway*, in describing the scene, states that he observed the little propeller going past the pier, and heard the usual salutation from the steam-whistle; he swung his handkerchief by way of recognition, when she instantly exploded. The smoke-pipe and fragments of the boat were blown in all directions; heard a crash near him, and, on turning his attention that way, saw the dead body of a man, which had fallen through the deck. At a distance, floating in the water, he discovered the fireman, whom he promptly rescued by means of a small boat, and subsequently assisted in conveying him to the New York Hospital.

No cause has been assigned for the accident. It probably arose from the defective quality of the iron in the boiler.

A SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

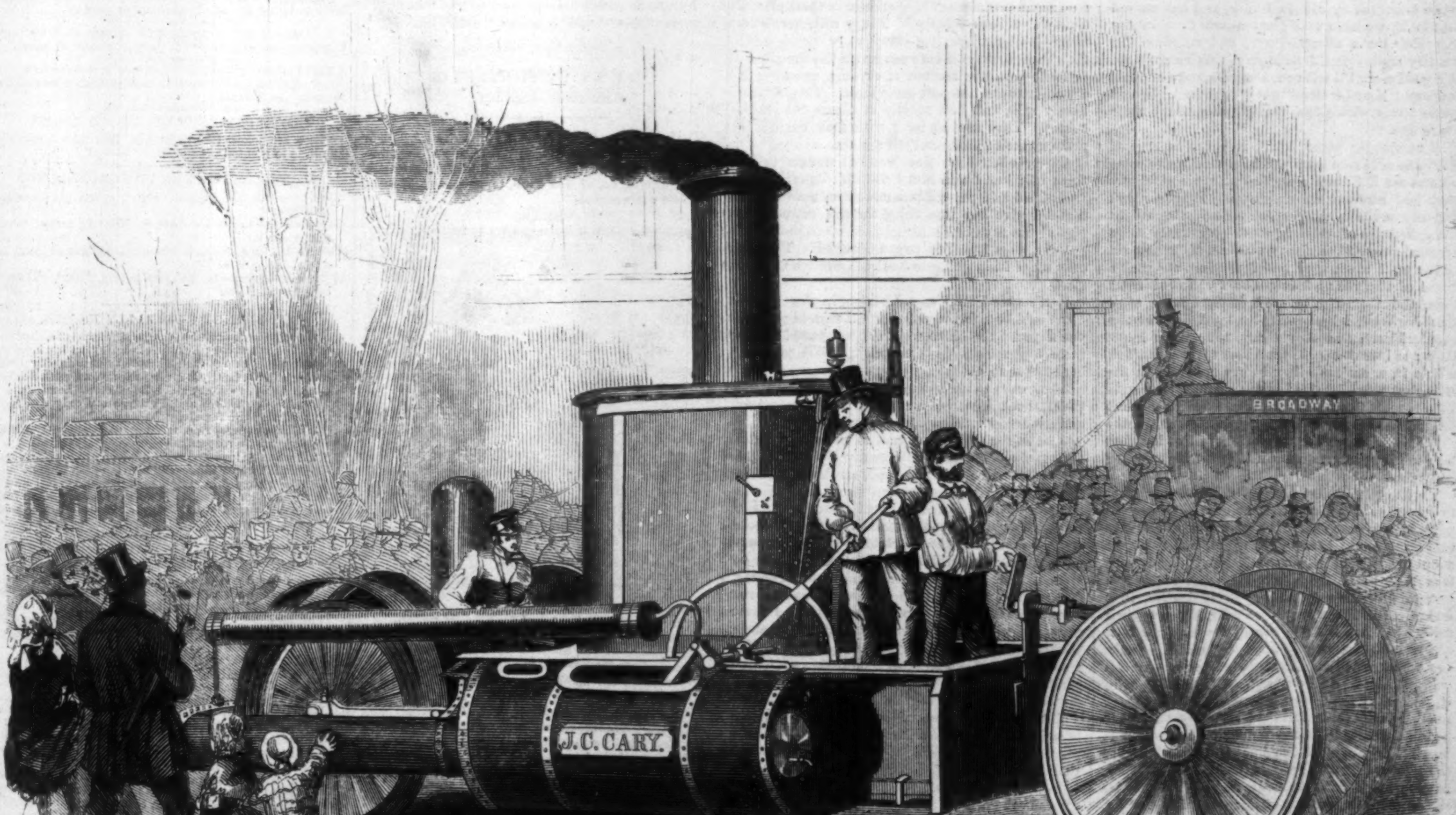
WE give on next page an engraving of the new steam fire-engine, the "J. C. Cary," built at the Novelty Iron Works, by Lee & Larned, under a contract with the city, which, on 5th instant, was brought out and tested before Street Commissioner Cooper and other officials. This engine, from its peculiar construction and its very remarkable performance on this its first public trial, seems destined to play an important part in bringing about the inevitable substitution of steam power for that of human muscle in working fire-engines. It is in the fullest sense of the term a *steam* fire-engine, being the first ever built which dispenses alike with man and horse power, not only in working the pump but in "running the machine." It is essentially a street locomotive, capable of propelling itself over any ordinary road or street, carrying with it a powerful rotary pump, of Cary's patent, so arranged as to be driven by the same engines; with the other usual appurtenances of a fire-engine. The intention is to keep steam at all times at a working pressure, so that the engine can be started at a moment's warning; the boiler being so thoroughly clothed that a small amount of fuel will supply the loss of heat by radiation, and maintain the required pressure, at a trifling expense compared with that of keeping a force of horses, hostlers, and drivers at all times in readiness. It can be run at any rate of speed which the state of the streets will allow, the steering apparatus, combined with the power of instantaneously reversing the engines, giving to the steersman and engineer the most perfect control over its movements; in fact, it can be brought to a full stop within a much shorter space than an ordinary omnibus in rapid motion. This power of promptly starting and rapidly moving itself to the point where its services are needed, is justly considered by the inventors as constituting an important improvement on the steam fire-engines heretofore in use in Cincinnati and elsewhere. The engine, of course, arrives at the fire with steam up; and as it is the work but of a moment to throw out of gear the locomotive part, the whole power can at once be applied to work the pump as soon as the necessary hose attachments can be made.

On the occasion of its trial, already referred to, the powers of the "J. C. Cary," both as a locomotive and a fire-engine, were subjected to very severe tests. It ran from the Novelty Works to the Bowling Green—the place of exhibition—through Avenue C, Fourteenth Street, and Broadway, threading its way without difficulty through the crowded streets, and ascending at a high speed the heavy grade from Canal to Duane Street, though the pavements were slippery from the effects of the recent storm. It reached the large hydrant near the Bowling Green at a quarter before three; but little time was taken by the members of the Empire Engine Company, No. 42, which had volunteered to do escort duty and to take charge of the hydraulic performances, in attaching the supply hose, and in a very few minutes it commenced work, with steam at 130 pounds and still rising, and for an hour and a half, with such interruptions only as were required for changing pipes and nozzles, continued to throw water in a volume and with a force never before witnessed in this city, and unsurpassed, it is believed, even by the best performances of the largest class of Cin-



EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "PETREL," ON THE NORTH RIVER.

cinnati engines, which greatly exceed it in weight. The best results, as regard height and distance, were obtained with a single stream, 1⅝ inches in diameter, though the two streams thrown through two 1⅛ inch nozzles did nearly as well. The former, when played for distance, was held steadily at 226 feet, and at times reached as far as 252 feet; of the height no accurate measure could be had, but by comparison with the high buildings and flag-staffs near by, it was estimated by good judges at not less than 160 feet. On the horizontal throw the force of the stream was impaired by the thick branches of the trees on Bowling Green, through which it was necessary to play. The quantity of water thrown per minute with these streams was about 700 gallons. As a



THE SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, "J. C. CARY."

final test the discharge hose, 250 feet in length, was taken to the top of a five-story building, about 60 feet in height, from which the 1½ stream was thrown horizontally 140 feet, and a height above the building of not less than 80 feet. From the same position, playing through an open butt of 2½ inches diameter, water was thrown, at the rate of 900 gallons per minute, a horizontal distance of over 60 feet. To the firemen and insurance-men who witnessed it, and who know alike the difficulty and the effect of raising such a mass of water and pouring it upon a fire from above in so large a body and with such force, this last performance was at once the most decisive and the most astonishing proof of the power and the utility of the new engine.

After this trial, to test still further its locomotive powers, the engine, with fourteen or fifteen men on board, was run, by direction of the Street Commissioner, through Beaver, Broad, Nassau, and Fulton streets, to Broadway; and thence through Barclay, Greenwich, and Murray streets, to the house of the Empire Engine Company; whence, after a short delay, it returned in triumph to the Novelty Works, having won the unqualified approbation of the city officials and the admiration of the thousands who had witnessed its performances.

The remarkable power exhibited by this engine depends principally upon the peculiar properties of the boiler, which is a novel form of the upright tubular boiler, combining in a degree hitherto unattained the lightness, activity, strength, and safety essential for steam fire-engine purposes. The engines are like those of an ordinary locomotive, modified by a judicious adaptation of Mr. J. K. Fisher's well-known—or, at least, often described—arrangement for applying their power to the driving-wheels, for the purpose of propulsion, through the intervention of an intermediate shaft, parallel and radius rods; in combination also with Cary's rotary pump.

THE TRAP:

A DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

Before the telegraph came into use the counterfeiters—or "horse-dealers," as they call themselves—drove a much better trade than they do now. When they had started a good bill it would run two or three days—or a week even—before the public generally would find it out. But nowadays, since we have had the telegraph all over town, they find themselves brought up with a short turn. Deputy Carpenter has arranged a plan which spoils their fun completely. Just as soon as information is received at any station that a counterfeit has been offered, that station communicates directly with head-quarters, giving a description of the bill; from head-quarters the news is telegraphed immediately to every station in the city; the patrolmen are called in, the captain or sergeant reads the description to them, and they go back at once to their beats and warn all the shop-keepers—in fact, every body likely to receive money in business—that such a bill is out. So, in an hour after the counterfeiter starts a new bill, the whole island is on the look-out against it.

But two or three years ago there was no such preventive system, and counterfeiting flourished. It was a regular trade. I could show you a man, who rides in his carriage on Broadway, who has made a fortune by counterfeiting, and has retired—at least, we have very good reasons for thinking so. He was a manufacturer, and supplied the country trade—and, by-the-way, that reminds me of a good story I'll tell you, about how one of these country "horse-dealers" got "took in." It was while I was with Chief Matsell—say about three years ago.

A messenger came down, late one afternoon, from one of the up town wards, asking me to come up and see if I could recognize a couple of fellows they had arrested on suspicion. They couldn't find any bad bills on them, but thought they might have disposed of them in some way while being arrested: they have plenty of ways of getting rid of the stuff when they find it dangerous—you've heard of the young fellow who swallowed some bills, and they had to send officer Ipecac after them? Well, I had worked a good deal among counterfeiters, and they thought I might know them; so I went up. I took a look at them through a hole in a curtain—they hadn't been put in the cells, but were detained in the sitting-room—and I thought I'd seen them somewhere; still I couldn't fix them. However, I determined to know more about them before they were let go, and it didn't take me long to arrange a little plan that worked first-rate.

They were told that somebody had been sent *for* to recognize them, and that he couldn't come till next morning; so they must make themselves comfortable "in hock" over night. They swore about it a good deal at first—declared they'd make trouble for any body that turned a key on them—but, finally, they submitted, as, of course, they *had* to. But before they were taken down to their cells I had had the gas turned down pretty low, and had got comfortably arranged in a cell *between* the two selected for them. The door of my cell was left a little on the swing, as if nobody was in it, and when they were brought down they were hustled in to their cells so promptly that they hadn't a chance to look into mine as they went by; besides, I was under the bunk, my head toward the door, and an old coal-basket hid the end. There was no one else in the cells, and I arranged with the sergeant that, if any came in during the night, they should be put in the cells at the other end of the corridor. It was a quiet ward—never many arrests or lodgers. I told the door-man to be about just as usual, stir the fire, etc.; but to be up stairs a good part of the time.

Well, it wasn't long before my men began to talk: you know there's only gratings at the doors.

"I say, Bill," says one, "do you think there's any body down here besides us?"

"No," says Bill; "it's too early yet."

"I haven't heard no one stir; have you?"

"No; I tell you it's too early; there won't be nobody brought in this two hours yet."

"Well then, see here! put your 'mug' close to the hole; I want to talk with you."

"Mind you talk low, then; some of those d—d 'copps' may come sneaking down here. I wish they'd put us next to each other—but if there's any thing to say, you'd better spit it out now; there may be some one brought in before we think."

"Well, Bill, this is what I want to say. This man they've sent for may know me. I can't think who it can be, but it may be some d—d spy that'll blow me higher'n a kite. Never mind that, though; I've got to stand my chance, but they can't hold you. You haven't been with us long enough to be 'spotted" yet. They'll have you up before the 'beak' in the morning, but there won't be nothing against you, and you'll step out free."

"I hope so."

"I *know* so! they *can't* hold you. And now I want you to do a little job for me. Can you hear if I talk lower?"

"Yes, my ears are quick."

"Well, there's a man coming to town to-morrow from Orange County, somewhere, to buy 'horses.' We don't know him by sight, but he has got the signs from Joe—he's been out there; and I was to meet this man to-morrow night at the Tammany Hotel, and sell him all the 'horses' he wants. D—n it! There comes the door-man! How long did you live in Boston?"

"About a year. Hullo! here's the door-man. I say, door-man, can't you get us some supper?"

They gave orders for some supper, and as soon as the door-man was gone they began again. Bill says,

"Talk fast there! our time's short."

"Well, I want you to go there and meet this man for me. Take him round to the old man's, and make as good a trade as you can."

"But I don't know the signs."

"D—n it! No you don't; I forgot that. I wish I was sure there wasn't nobody down here but us."

"Well," says Bill, "I haven't heard the least *sign* of a noise any where round; have you?"

"No; I'll risk it. He's a new customer, and he mustn't come and find nobody to entertain him. Well now, listen careful! As you go into the hotel, just on the stroke of nine, mind you, take off your hat—it must be a beaver—and scratch the top of your head. He'll see you, for he'll be looking for you at that time, and he'll take out a red handkerchief and blow his nose loud; you're then to go along by him and show him the two-finger sign—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And he'll return it, and then you begin talking as you see fit."

"All right; I'll manage it for you. Is the old man all posted?"

"Yes, he'll be all ready."

The two rascals had just time to complete their arrangements before their supper came in; and it was lucky that they had, for there happened to be an unusual number of arrests that evening, and the cells were so filled up that they could hardly have managed to talk if they had put it off.

I passed out while they were eating their supper, not taking any care to escape their notice.

"By *thunder!*" says Carter, the older one, as soon as he saw me. "'V' *you* been in there all the time we've been talking? I say, Bill, here's officer —— been hearing every word we've said! He's been in the cell between us all the time!"

There was any amount of cursing, swearing at themselves and me and their luck. They'd been neatly sold, and had nobody to blame but themselves. They needn't have been fools enough to talk out their secrets in such a place.

Carter offered me five hundred dollars to let them off; but I told him I couldn't do it; said I was afraid he'd put off bad money on me. I told him I'd give *him* something for the "two-finger sign;" but says he,

"No, d—n it! You've got enough!" Then he asks me if I am going to meet the Orange County man.

"Of course I am," says I.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," says he; "and you'll pump the bloke well, I'll be bound! Was there *ever* such a d—d unlucky, *foolish* piece of business as this!"

They were to keep these two precious rascals at the station till I called for them; and I went away and got ready to meet my country customer.

Just as the City Hall clock struck nine I walked into the office of the Tammany Hotel, took off my hat and scratched my head, carelessly looking round as if I wanted to find some one. I was charmed to see, right off, a regular country greeny take out his big red handkerchief; he blew his nose so hard that I thought he'd blow it off, and I wanted to laugh so to think how he was going to be "done," that I really had to turn away to hide my face. This was the moment when I wanted the two-finger dodge; but as I hadn't got it, I must get along without it. I walked along by the place where country was sitting, and as I passed by him I stooped down to pick up something, and whispered,

"We're *watched!* Follow me out!"

The greeny got up and followed, and I led him to a low drinking-place, where I knew there was private rooms, just out of Chatham Street, and there we had a talk. I pretended to be very cautious, and asked him boldly if he was prepared to give me the finger sign. He showed it to me at once—this way: the little finger and the one next to it, on the left hand, stuck out straight, and the other two held down by the thumb.

"All right!" says I. "What kind of horses do you want to buy—the light or the dark?"

"Well," says he, "I think the darks travel best, don't you?"

"They *sell* best," says I; "but I never *drive* myself."

"Why, Joe told me that you were one of the best drivers he ever saw."

"Well, the fact of it is, the man who was to meet you—and he *is* a good driver—has had to leave town for a few days, and he sent me to trade with you. Did Joe give you his name? Carter, wasn't it?"

"Yes, '*twas* Carter. It's all the same to me, as long as you trade fair. If I can find a *good* dark at thirty" (that is, thirty cents on the dollar), "I'm your man."

"How do you like *that?*" says I, and handed him a first-rate counterfeit "V" on one of the River banks. I'd got it only the day before from a woman that tried to push it off in Canal Street, at a milliner's.

He looked it over carefully.

"*That's* the ticket," says he; "I want a *pile* of that."

"Well," says I, "come round with me to the old man's, and I can get you as much as you want. Ever been there?"

"No," says he; "I never been to York but once before, for all I've lived so near."

"Well, come along. Follow me a little ways off; but come close up if I whistle."

"All right!" says he; and we started.

When we came out—it was about half-past ten—we found it was snowing fast and furious. What with the snow driving, and the stores mostly shut up, and my man not knowing any thing, scarcely, about the city, I knew he couldn't tell where I was taking him; so I gave him a few turns round the neighborhood, and then out, past the Hall of Records, and into the City Hall, by a back door, through the dark passages—he following like a dog—and, finally, right into the Chief's private office!

"Old man," says I, giving the Chief a wink, "here's a customer for some dark horses. Can we accommodate him?"

"I presume so," says the Chief.

"Make him the sign," says I to greeny; and out he stuck his two fingers, almost into the Chief's face. I never wanted to laugh worse in my life. The Chief was "fly," and held up his two fingers in the same way; not a sign of a smile either.

Well, they two bargained for some "horses" "at thirty"—the Chief was up to all the flash terms—and he was just going to open his drawer to take out the bills, as it seemed, when he looks up and says to greeny,

"Do you know where you are, my friend?"

"Well, not exactly," says he, looking round; "I—suppose—I'm—"

"I'll tell you," says the Chief. "You're in the office of the Chief of Police!"

I sat down in a chair by the door and let out *my* laugh. I couldn't *help* it. I laughed till I ached, and the Chief laughed too.

"No you don't!" says greeny. "You can't come that game over *this* child! I suppose you want to scare me; but you'll find I ain't so green as I look. It's a d—d good joke; but you can't scare *me!*"

Well, Sir, we couldn't convince that man that he *was* in the Chief's hands till I took him and looked him up in the cells. *Then* he began to believe it; and he "took on," I tell you.

He proved just the man we wanted. We used him up completely; got evidence to convict Carter, and Bill, and Joe, and two more; and then we let him go, on his good behavior.

I guess he hasn't been to town to buy "horses" since the Chief "sold" him that "dark" lot.

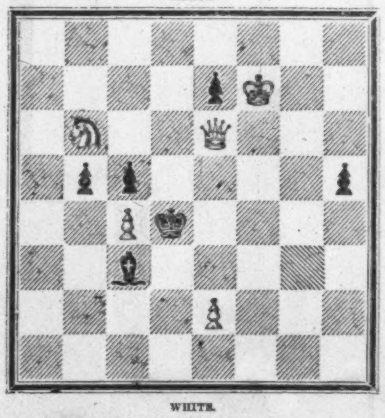
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM VI.

Dedicated to the Projector and Committee of Examination of the American Union Problem Tournay, by William King, of New York, to whom one of their Prizes was awarded.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Since our last issue contributions of Problems, etc., have reached our hands to so great extent—many of them possessing marked merit—that, in order to keep any thing like *pace* (no Hibernianism intended) with our correspondents, we shall be under the necessity henceforth, independently of the usual diagram, to print weekly a number of such stratagems as may be favorably considered, in the form of enigmas; and in the mean time shall take into consideration the most concise and appropriate form of notation to adopt for such purpose. We take this opportunity, also, to inform our friends that we intend to avail ourselves of the proffered assistance of one of the most skillful Problem composers of the present day to act as *examiner* of such contributions; with whose aid we shall think it hard indeed if, in that department, our Chess column be outrivaled. Among the authors whose productions are now under the consideration of our examiner are the following, viz.: "Gedrea," J. W. D., J. V., Jun. (Syracuse), S. L. (Florence), Dr. R. (Philadelphia), G. C. L. (Beverley Chess Club, Mass.), "Jacobus," J. S. B. (Buckingham, Va.), H. F. B. (Philadelphia), and some others. They shall all hear from us anon.——Correct solutions to Problem III. have been received from J. G. W., T. F. S., Jun. (Fond du Lac), J. P. (Columbus, Geo.), J. B., and C. R.; and to No. IV. from A. O. W., N. C. R., G. C. B., F. A. K. (Janesville, Wis.), N. C. R. We believe that "Rex," G. W. R. (Canton, Ohio), E. A. D. (Olney, Ill.), E. J. G., J. K. D., and C. G. B. (Washington), are in error.——J. G. W. (University of Va.). Limit as to time for the consideration of moves can be arranged only by the mutual agreement of the contestants. In all matches of importance we should like to see such an understanding come to—say half an hour at the outside; but, for our own part, if a man can not find out a good move within ten or fifteen minutes, we don't believe he would do so in a week.——J. W. D. We are not aware that rules for the composition of Problems have been ever printed. They would be hard, we think, to lay down.——J. L. (Nashville), and W. H. B. (Philadelphia). The principal modern works are by Lewis, Walker, and Staunton. The *Hand-book* by the latter is the latest, and we take it, therefore, to be the most valuable. You can procure them all through Messrs. Harper.——F. A. K. (and others). In the blindfold game with M. Guibert, Mr. Morphy's first move was "P to K 4."——D. R. and "Caissa" will perceive above that the subject of notation is now under attention.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM V.

White.	Black.
1. Castles	P moves
2. K to R 2	P moves
3. B to K Kt	P moves
4. R to B 2	K moves
5. R to B 4 double check and mate	

The concluding moves in the solution to No. V., and, in fact, the entire position of the pieces after move 2, are strikingly similar to our Problem II. Had we noticed the coincidence in proper time, we should not have given it place. We think Mr. K. G., the composer (!) of the latter, must plead guilty to a little plagiarism, to use a mild term.

New York Chess-Club, 814 *Broadway.*—We are pleased to be enabled to report very favorably of this flourishing association of amateurs. In fact, we could name no Chess-Club in any part of the world against which ours could not hold its own, whether for numbers or average of force. Much matter of interest is now on the *tapis*, embracing a match with the Philadelphians, a grand Tournay among themselves, and the foundation of a *national* testimonial to our great champion, Paul Morphy. A magnificent chess-board, with pieces of solid gold and silver, is spoken of in connection with the project last mentioned. Whatever offering should be decided upon, no matter how costly it would certainly be ready for presentation in but a very few days.

Chess in Europe.—A letter under the signature "H Staunton," which we printed last week, wherein that gentleman definitively declines the expected encounter with the great Chess champion, Paul Morphy, has been read by the majority of amateurs with, to say the very least, the most profound dissatisfaction and regret. For our own part we must say that, while deprecating many harsh expressions which we have heard and read bearing upon Mr. Staunton's course in this matter, we consider that the Chess-playing world had a full right to expect that the long looked-for trial of strength between the reputed representatives of European and American players would not have fallen through.

Since the termination of Mr. Morphy's match with Herr Harrwitz, he appears to have been comparatively inactive. Mr. Anderssen having been prevented by sickness from visiting Paris, and Mr. M., anxiously looked for by hosts of admirers and friends at home, can not afford further time for travel on his Quixotic journey in search of what he will never find—his equal on the checkered field. We may look for him toward the end of the expiring year.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The Battle of Life.—"As much honor as you like, my son, but as few affairs of honor as possible."

A Message to be whispered in the Ear of the Electric Telegraph.—"It's never too late to mend."

The Flight of Genius.—You may have a dozen kites, but it requires a very knowing hand indeed to be able to fly even one of them.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD JOKER.

There are jokes, like diamonds, that take infinitely less time to find than to polish.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW.

Miles Standish, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy,
Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and hooks it;
Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding.
If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That there is no accent so charming as that of a Frenchman who has had the privilege of picking up his English pronunciation in the blended society of a family from Somersetshire, a family from Lancashire, a Scotch doctor, an Irish half-pay officer, and a Bond Street Lounger.

That Plutus, Pluto, and Plutarch are only different names of the same female.

That, as a general rule, monkeys are extremely likely to be deficient in respect to their grandfathers.

That when Saturn devoured his own children a megatherium pie formed the second course of the dinner.

That a geologist is very likely to be a partial uncle, because, though regardless perhaps of the fortunes of his nephew, he is sure to be properly attentive to the position of his gneiss.

THOUGHTS WHILE WAITING FOR THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

To confound wealth with happiness is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork would give you an appetite.

The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to ourselves.

Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to tumble into the ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.

Exploring the Truth.—Columbus, in his peculiar line of discovery, and new way of bringing continents to know each other, must take a higher rank even than the Atlantic Telegraph; and more especially must this larger honor be conceded to him when we take the darkness of his time into consideration, as compared with the enlightenment of the present period. Never let it be forgotten that Columbus had but one pole to guide him in his search of a new continent. The Atlantic Telegraph, on the other side, has had the advantage of two poles—a positive and a negative pole. And yet, with this inferiority even, Columbus discovered an America, whereas the Atlantic Telegraph is still at a loss to find an Europe (*a new rope*). [What do you think of that?]

UPPER-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

Q. Give an example of the degrees of comparison.

A. Positive, Teach. Comparative, Teacher. Superlative, Tea-chest.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 15, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 13, 1858	$2,917,879....	$870,810
Corresponding week, 1857	2,372,183....	1,426,905
Decrease	$545,696	
Increase		$556,095

The export of specie was only $142,136. It is uncertain how much specie has been sent to the South, but it is not likely that much has gone, and we received on Friday $1,654,654 from California. It is probable, therefore, that the banks now hold about $27,750,000 in coin. The Sub-Treasury balance has fallen below eight millions.

Money is, if anything, cheaper than it was last week. Loans are freely offered on all securities on call, at 3 per cent., and the best short paper is done at 4; good paper at ninety days is taken at bank at 4½ to 5½.

Stocks are much lower than they were at this time last week. The reports of earnings which have been published show that the Western roads are earning no money; and this must, of course, be the rule with such lines as New York Central, which depend on them for business. The following has been the course of the market for the past week:

	Nov. 6.	Nov. 13.
Missouri 6's	89½....	89¾
New York Central	83¾....	82½
Erie	16¾....	16½
Hudson River	32	32¾
Reading	51½....	50¾
Panama	119	119
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	52¾....	51
Michigan Central	55	52
Galena	75½	73½
Rock Island	65½....	64½
Illinois Central	83¾....	79½
Pacific Mail	106½....	103

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov.* 15, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited increased vigor for Flour, which has been in good demand at improved prices. Wheat and Rye have been held above the views of buyers. Hence they have been lightly dealt in. Corn opened briskly and buoyantly, but closed heavily, with a downward tendency. Barley and Oats have been in fair demand....Cotton has been less sought after, at reduced rates....Provisions have been in good demand at, however, irregular prices....Groceries, Naval Stores, and Oils have been less freely dealt in....Tobacco and Wool have been in fair request at full quotations....Hides and Leather have been active, and have advanced slightly....The Dry Goods trade is without activity. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $570,966 against $614,604 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $53,146,673 against $86,790,043 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and uproductive of any remarkable alterations.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound...	$ 5	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 25
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4¾	@	5¾
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets continue to be well stocked, and are moderately active, at uniform prices for the leading articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET:

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$ 3 50
Quinces, per barrel	2 25	@	6 00
Citron, per 100	1 00	@	3 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 25	@	1 75
Dried Peaches, per pound	14	@	16
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@	2 25
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	2 00
Turnips, per barrel	62	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 00	@	4 00
Cabbage, Red, per 100	1 50	@	4 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	7 50	@	14 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Spinach, per barrel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per bushel	75	@	—
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	3 50	@	6 00
Salad, per dozen heads	20	@	30
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	24	@	26
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21	@	23
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00
Partridge, per pair	56	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 26
Venison, per pound	9	@	12

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS FOR DECEMBER.

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